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INSIDE STORY

THE STRANGEWAYS RIOT REVISITED

BY NOEL SMITH

REF-ER-EE!

WHAT MOTIVATES THE MEN IN BLACK?

BY ALEX MOSHAKIS

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JOHN SLATTERY AND BOB ODENKIRK MODEL THE SEASON'S SMARTEST MENSWEAR





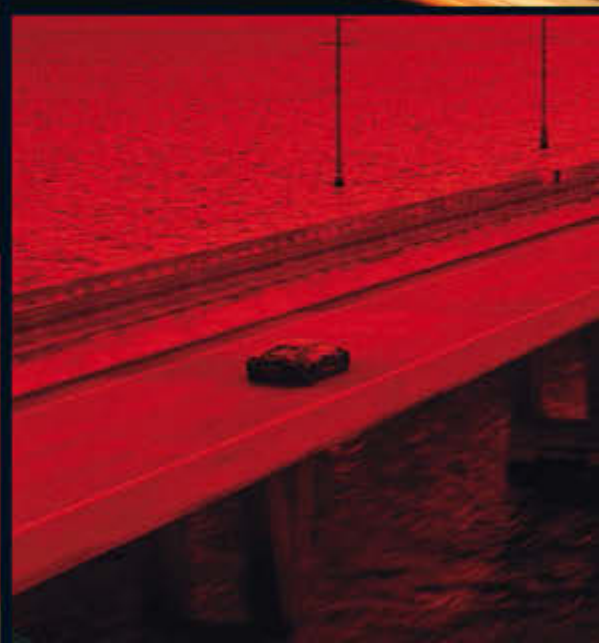


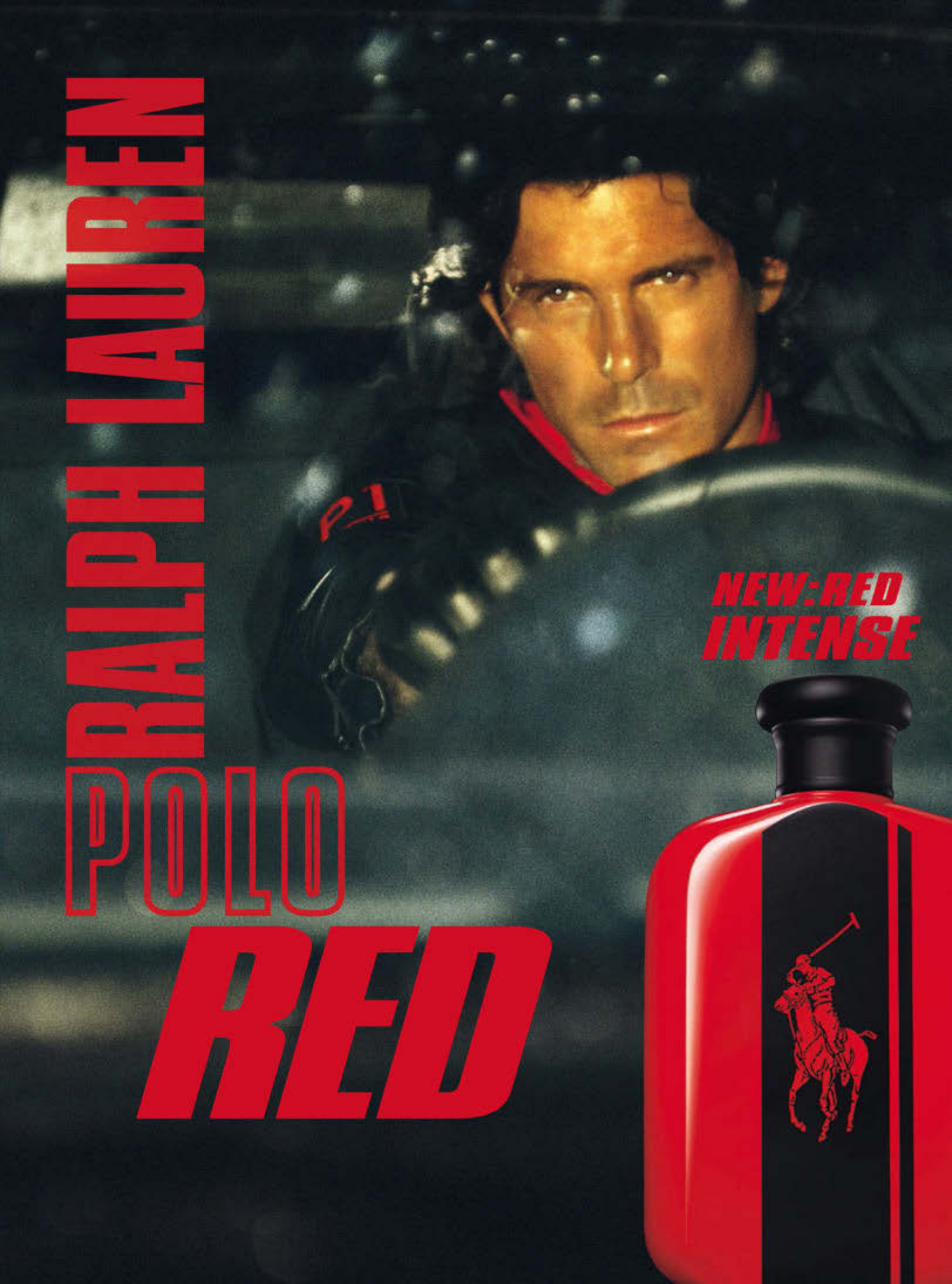






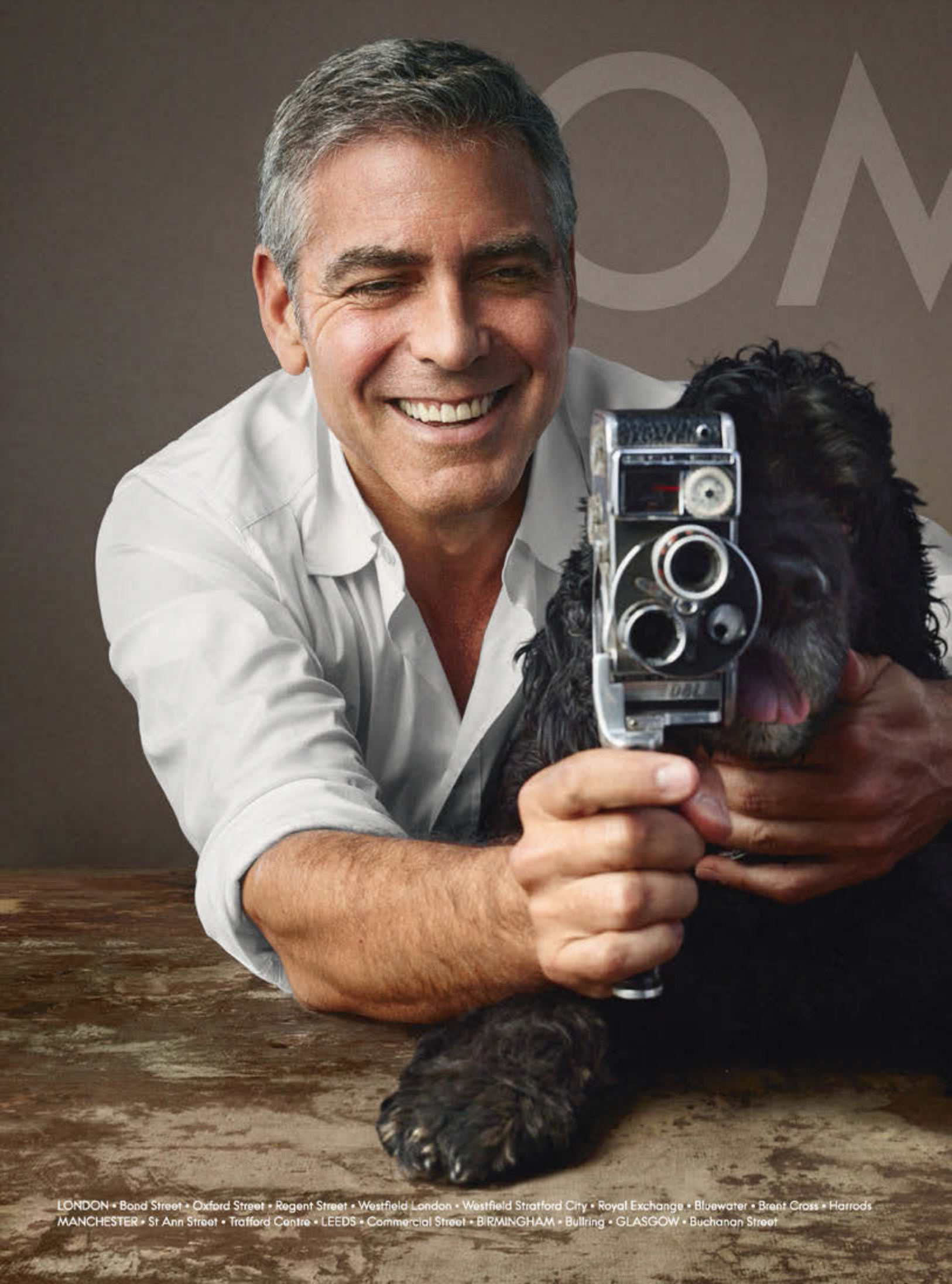

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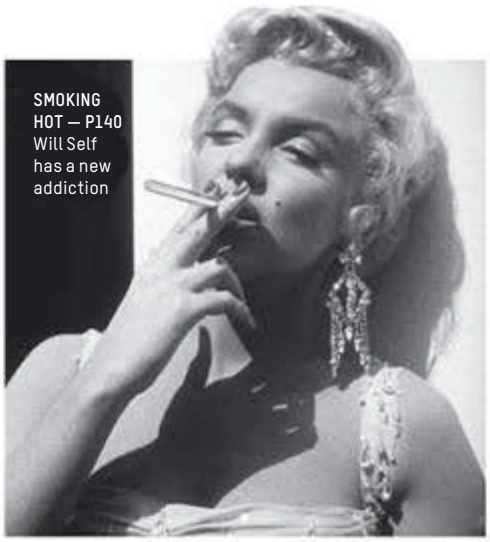
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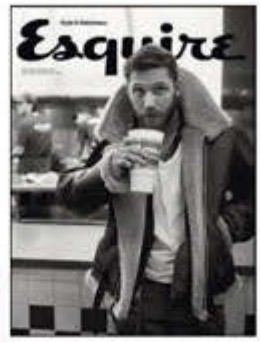
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TOM HARDY

PHOTOGRAPHS Greg Williams
TOM WEARS Newsstand edition: black mohair suit; white cotton shirt; black satin tie, all by Prada. Subscriber edition: All clothes, Tom's own

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ALEX BILMES
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Tom Hardy: more interesting than the average mag-covering hunk

What is it, this thing they call "heat"? I mean the combustible combination of talent (sometimes) and timing (always) that puts a person (a celebrity, say) or a place (restaurant, city) or even a brand name (fashion label) at the sweaty, smoke-filled epicentre of the steaming, sizzling zeitgeist. That makes him or her or it feel, at that precise moment, especially attractive and exciting and relevant.

I try not to harp on too much about our cover stars on this page — there's room enough to do that later on in the magazine. But if you were compiling a 2015 hot list (which we're not, by the way), Tom Hardy would be right at the top. It is his career, his reputation, that all other movie stars would kill for this month, last month and next.

When one of *Esquire*'s rival men's publications — apparently we have them — listed their coolest men under 40 last year, Hardy came in at number one. They celebrated his "intense magnetism". (Look out, iron filings.) Also his "reluctance to do press". (Never believe a journalist who applauds anyone's reluctance to do press.) In other words, Hardy is charismatic, and he keeps turning down requests for interview. Because he's so hot. And also cool. There's a difference, just please don't ask me to explain it.

My appreciation for Hardy's work is genuine, though unlike my rivals' it is not entirely pure. I love him for his intense magnetism, of course I do, but also for reasons of grubby self-interest: because when it came time for his first substantial British print interview, Hardy chose *Esquire*. Which makes him hot in my book. Yes, and cool, too.

Of course, Hardy's not new to the scene. At least since his terrifying turn as the psychopath in *Bronson*, in 2009, he has been one of our most critically adored screen actors. Two years later, he stole his scenes in Christopher Nolan's sci-fi head-scratcher, *Inception*, which brought him to a wider audience. The following year, he was brilliant in *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*, a standout performance even in the company of Gary Oldman, John Hurt, Toby Jones, Colin Firth and the rest. He was the heavy-breathing baddy, Bane, in the last *Dark Knight* movie in 2012. After that he made the tiny but widely praised *Locke*. Already this year, he has been terrific in *The Drop*. And he popped up on TV in the BBC's *Peaky Blinders*.

Over the next few months, Hardy will confirm his position as the most incendiary leading man in the movies. First up is *Child 44*, based on Tom Rob Smith's Cold War thriller. Then, one of the most eagerly (and longest) awaited films of the year — *Mad Max: Fury Road*, director George Miller's return to the territory he first mapped out in his trilogy of Aussie punk pile-ups in the Seventies and Eighties. Hardy is in the Mel Gibson role.

Coming soon, among other things: *Legend*, in which Hardy plays both Ronnie and Reggie Kray; and *The Revenant*, *Birdman*-director Alejandro González Iñárritu's gritty anti-Western, alongside Hardy's *Inception* co-star, Leonardo diCaprio.

It was to the set of that film, in Calgary, Canada, that *Esquire* dispatched photographer Greg Williams, an old friend and longtime collaborator of Hardy's — and of ours — as well as our features editor, Miranda Collinge, at the end of February. I think it's testament to Hardy's refreshingly freewheeling approach to life, and film promotion, that both Greg and Miranda, checking in with the office after their separate appointments, sent snaps of the actor at play; one taken at a shooting range, the other a pottery shop.

I don't want to spoil her piece by stealing the best scenes, Tom Hardy-style, but Miranda's email read as follows:

"Interview all done and dusted. He was nice and v chatty. We didn't go to the shooting range in the end — he bought me a Himalayan salt lamp from a hippy shop and then we went to a paint-your-own pottery place. Talk about men's magazine clichés. Tom made a Bronson mug, see pic. Bye!"

And sure enough, there was a photo (*left*) of the hottest leading man in Hollywood, in a ratty old New York subway T-shirt, sunglasses perched atop baseball cap, pointing semi-sheepishly at a coffee mug decorated with a full moustache and mad eyes (like Charles Bronson's) while pulling an ironic face as if to say, of his own handiwork: not too shabby, huh?

Hot? Cool? Lukewarm? Or just a really good actor with a more interesting take on things than the average magazine-covering hunk? Read Miranda's splendid piece, and find out.

Also in this issue: 50 things you should not attempt to get through this spring without (OK, it's kind of a hot list); Will Self on vaping — hot or not?; Evan Davis on life in the *Newsnight*, um, hot seat; and the stars of *Mad Men* and *Better Call Saul* model spring's hottest tailoring, for cool people.

And some stuff I'm not going to be quite so flippant about, for a change. Noel Smith's remarkable piece about the Strangeways prison riot, which happened 25 years ago this month, and by which, for whatever reason, I remember being quite mesmerised at the time. And Alex Moshakis's insight into the minds of referees, that strange breed of men (and women) who decide that rather than play the game, they want to ensure its rules are followed to the letter.

I can't imagine Tom Hardy as a referee but if he did play one I'm willing to bet he'd be intensely magnetic. As well as hot. And cool.

In what may be a world first, this month's cover interview was conducted in a decorate-your-own-pottery shop



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WILL SELF

Long-serving heavy smoker and *Esquire* editor-at-large Will Self explains how he came to appreciate the beauty of vape pens. "I am still vaping enthusiastically," he says, "despite naysayers claiming that it's ruining my health. Maybe so, but I at least get to experience the state-of-mind familiar to my fag-puffing forefathers; namely, indulging in some *"la divina nicotina"* without knowing whether it's harmful. And that's good enough for me until — as they inevitably will — the powers-that-be ban it." Self's new novel, *Shark* (Viking), is out now.



AA GILL

Esquire's agony uncle has high-profile patients this month, each nervous about the election. And what does he think will happen on 7 May? "Having been cheated of independence, the Scots are going to run England for the next five years. Whoever wants to rule is going to have to do a deal with them now. In the end, Scotland will rule England. After five years, England will be wanting a referendum on whether they can be independent." A star writer for *Vanity Fair*, Gill is working on a memoir.



MIRANDA COLLINGE

"There was nothing about interviewing Tom Hardy that wasn't surprising," says *Esquire*'s features editor, who was invited to go shooting with this month's cover star, but instead went along with him to paint mugs at Crock A Doodle in Calgary. What girl could refuse? "Canada was sunny, not snowy; Tom was friendly, not scary; and instead of shooting guns we ended up painting ceramics. If ever I've learned a lesson about not prejudging people, this was it." Collinge also edits *Esquire*'s Culture section, starting on page 81.



ALEX MOSHAKIS

"Every referee I spoke to, from the Sunday league amateurs to the Football League pros, shared two characteristics," Moshakis says. "A steadfast commitment to their role, which they all considered — correctly, in my opinion — to be crucial to the success of a match and an enormous, overwhelming love for a game in which they just want to play a part. No matter the abuse." Read Moshakis's report on what life's like in the ref's boots on page 104. He also contributes to *The Guardian* and *Wallpaper**.



NOEL SMITH

"I was serving a 19-year sentence in Wandsworth for bank robbery when Strangeways kicked off," says the *Esquire* debutante. "And writing this article brought back the oppressive feeling of being trapped in an archaic and brutal prison system where only anger and rebellion could force our jailors to back off. If you keep poking a caged tiger with a stick, you shouldn't be surprised if it tries to bite your hand off." A successful journalist and writer, his next book, *The Criminal Alphabet* (Penguin), is out in August.



DANI BRUBAKER

"Bob Odenkirk's characters aren't exactly known for smart tie combos and well-tailored threads," says the American photographer of this month's spring fashion shoot. "So it was especially delightful watching him transform into a dapper gent for *Esquire*. I knew things were looking up once Bob's publicist starting rapid-firing sneak peaks to Bob's wife who evidently replied along the lines of 'is that hunk of handsome really my husband?'" Brubaker's work can be seen in *L'Officiel Hommes* and *Vanity Fair*.



BEN MITCHELL

The *Esquire* contributing editor talks live TV, political aspirations and the secret of a good martini with *Newsnight* host Evan Davis for this month's *What I've Learned* feature. "I spoke to Evan at his tidy London flat," Mitchell explains, "home also to a dog — one Mr Whippy — who was quite keen to get in on the act. Evan answered every question honestly with one exception: those rumoured body piercings, and the exact configuration thereof, remain very much private." Mitchell writes for *Mojo* and *The Observer*.



GREG WILLIAMS

"I've known Tom Hardy since he was 15," Williams says, "and we have a brotherly relationship, able to be completely honest with each other. For this shoot, I stayed at his house — we jumped in his truck and took some pictures." The British photographer's work also appears in *Vanity Fair*, *Details* and *L'Uomo Vogue*. He is currently shooting a film, *Stand Up To Cancer US*, and is working on his directorial debut movie, *Samarkand*, starring none other than Tom Hardy.

WORDS BY RACHEL FELLOWS


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Official fuel consumption figures for Maserati Ghibli range in mpg (l/100km): Urban 18.0 (15.7) – 37.2 (7.6), Extra Urban 38.7 (7.3) – 56.5 (5.0), Combined 27.2 (10.4) – 47.9 (5.9). CO_2 emissions 242 – 158 g/km. Fuel consumption and CO_2 figures are based on standard EU tests for comparative purposes and may not reflect real driving results. Model shown is a Maserati Ghibli S at £70,598 On The Road including optional pearlescent paint at £1,776, 21" Titano design alloy wheels at £3,670 and Red brake callipers at £432.

www.maserati.co.uk

AA Gill
is Esquire's



Uncle Dysfunctional

Do you need help with your election? (Hey, it happens.) Our in-house master spin doctor will make the public stand up and take note, as he sizes up the major candidates' packages, skewers their policies and prescribes some more palatable, vote-friendly replacements

Dear Uncle Dysfunctional,
My friend is leader of the Liberal Democrat Party, and he is having a horrid time at the moment. Once he was really popular with the public; it was "I'm with Nick-this" and "I'll have to see what Nick thinks-that". Now there's another election coming up and he's worried he's just going to lose lots of his team, and he might not even hold on to his own seat. I keep telling him to relax and get back the old confidence — more certainty, more fist-waving. He's got to be the man with convictions.

Dear Nick. Sorry, dear Tony,
You couldn't be more wrong. Nobody cares what Clegg or the Liberal Democrats think, or stand for. Or their policy on fishing. Indeed, most Lib-Dems don't know what their policy on fishing is; they have completely different ideas in Skye than they do in Cornwall. The Lib-Dems are sidekicks. They were born to be sidekicks and that's what they should concentrate on being. Nick has got to choose what sort of sidekick he's going to be. At the moment, he's trying to be Martin Freeman playing Dr Watson to Dave Cameron's Sherlock Holmes, and it's not working for him. He needs to move along and perhaps channel Chewbacca: strong, dependable, talks hysterical gibberish. Or, if he's going to be a sidekick to the Conservatives, he should go for the confusingly named Cameron in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*: funny, big-hearted, but a bit of a loser. A lovable loser. That would be a good look for Nick, and not too big a stretch, in a Brechtian sense. Although he could go for Kurt Weill in a Brechtian sense. But I'm thinking, what about Ron Weasley from *Harry Potter*? He'd be good. Ron Weasley: he gets the girl in the end, which will probably be Theresa May — not necessarily an improvement on Mrs Clegg — but that's politics. And if it turns out to be a Labour government, then what about Donkey from *Shrek*? If he channelled Ron Weasley and Donkey from *Shrek*, he could be a ginger ass.

Salaam alaikum,
I am writing to your esteemed self on the venerable behalf of his graciousness Nigel Farage, leader of the Ugandan, Kenyan, Indian and Pakistani Party. Just my little, ever so cor blimey, English joke. What? You can't even have a laugh now? Political correctness gone *tonto* barmy, mate. Nige doesn't actually know I'm writing this, so please don't use my name. The honourable Nige doesn't know anyone or anything at the moment because he's passing out in the gents with his head down the khazi. It's Thursday and he always says, "Oh boys, come on.

Nick Clegg should try channelling Chewbacca: strong, dependable, talks hysterical gibberish

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LAWRENCE

It's Throw-up Thursday. Last one down The Grenadier is a Gunga Din." So we've been sinking the damn fine bitter for eight hours now, and I'm bored. The godawful, would-you-credit-it truth is everyone's bored with Nige. He was the life and soul of politics — always a laugh, always up for a bit of banter — but we've heard all his stories a million times. He is a saloon bar bore. What can we do to get his old magic back again? Get him top dog, tally-ho for president, and no more wogs? He doesn't mean me, obviously, not that I'm one. Oh no, cor blimey, matey. Just because I'm a pediatric consultant in a general hospital doesn't mean that I'm a free-loading, Paki-style curry-muncher not used to our traditions and funny little ways. Actually, it probably does.

Well, thank you for that, Salim. You've got it about right for Farage. He's just run out of material, and he's beginning to take himself seriously, like Russell Brand, which is a classic problem with politicians. They all take themselves seriously. Who knows where they get the idea that anyone else does? Nige thinks he needs to grow up and look statesman-like. It's a career-ending mistake. His joy was that he was Del Boy from *Only Fools and Horses*: we don't believe him; we just think he's funny. And what he's turning into is Trigger: we do believe him but he's not funny. In another month, he's going to be doing impressions of *Last of the Summer Wine* and thinking he's Churchill. He needs to get back to being a wide boy, and a kid. And his role model should be *The Young Ones*' Rick. Altogether, he is Rik Mayall. Perfect. Actually, Ukip could do a very good *Young Ones*' tribute act. Nige is Rick, Douglas Carswell is Nigel Planer's Neil the hippy and Neil Hamilton is Ade Edmondson's Vyvyan. Any of the other ones could play whatever the other Young One was called because none of us can remember his name.

Hello Uncle Dysfunctional,
We at Conservative Central Office want to let you know, off the record, having consulted lawyers, that if you make any comic or satirical allusions, references or inferences as to David Cameron (hereafter referred to as The Prime Minister) being in any way transvestite, like, a cross-dresser, lady-boy, big girl's blouse, wearing clothes usually commonly considered to belong to the girly sex, including silk gloves, corsets that do up round the back, suspenders and thongs, then we will not hesitate to use the firmest measures the law allows, including having you beaten in front of the whole House with your pants well and truly down so that everybody gets a good look, and no exeats for the rest of term. Got that, thicky?

Dear Rupert,
You see, the problem with Dave Cameron is that people know who he is. The less people know about him, the more he's likely to get re-elected. Frankly, every time you see or hear

The poster shows Ed dead and reads: "Winter is coming. Vote Conservative"

him, you realise that he is actually the early evening local news presenter from *BBC Points West*. He got to the top of the Tory tree by being less frightful than everyone else. Do you remember David Davis, who would have been played by Anthony Hopkins if the Conservative Party were a film? Dave needs to keep well away from cameras, microphones or real people. His greatest asset is his mystery. Nobody wants more politics or politicians at this stage in the game, Brian. They want entertainment and a whodunnit. Cameron has been playing Jeeves and Wooster with Osborne for five years and it's not a winner anymore. So, let's go a bit left field. Has he considered dressing up? His core voters love a costume drama, and he needs to get into a character from when Britain was high and mighty, before political correctness and feminism; and beat Farage to the nostalgia vote. A small walk-on part in *Downton Abbey* would be perfect. Something not too posh, self-made with a bit of cash and an eye for that weird young daughter. But how about something a bit more out there? Stay with me — I'm thinking *Poldark*. No. No, no. I've got a genius idea. Squeeze your pelvic floors because you will wee yourselves when you hear this: *Game of Thrones*. Exactly. Cameron Stark: on the Wall, holding back the White Walkers. The posters will be Ed Miliband looking dead, strapline reads: "Winter is coming: vote Conservative." Back of the net.

Dear Uncle Dysfunctional,
Hi, Ed Miliband here. We met once, years ago. You probably don't, um, anyway. Look, I've got this election thing coming up. I'm sorry — I'm a bit desperate — could you, you know, have an idea that I could score, well, you know, win a bit, a little maybe, something?
Ed, via email

Dear Dave,
Sorry. You caught me at a bad moment — I'm in pre-production. Look, why don't you write again after the election? We'll both have more time. Or try Rod Liddle over the way — he's full of... ideas.

Email questions for AA Gill to *agonyuncle@esquire.co.uk*

For more AA Gill, go to *esquire.co.uk*

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THE LAST SUPPER WITH

MARK HIX

WITH A TEAR IN HIS EYE AND A STAIN ON HIS APRON (NOT TO MENTION HIS REPUTATION), ESQUIRE'S RESIDENT CHEF IS OFF TO PASTURES ALREADY WELL TRODDEN. HE LEAVES US WITH TWO OF HIS GREATEST HITS: CHICKEN AND STEAK



→ After four glorious years [*says you, Ed*] at the helm of the *Esquire* kitchen, I'm sending myself off with simple chicken and steak. Cooking meat well starts with top-notch ingredients, so always buy the best: just be sure not to overcook it. A chicken or a porterhouse steak benefit from being carved at the table, whether you do it yourself or let your guests dig in. Both of these dishes are simple to carve and there are no rules how to tackle them. Bon appetit!

1

Ingredients

- 1 free range or good quality chicken, about 1.5kg, with its livers
- Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper
- 1 sprig thyme
- 1 sprig rosemary
- A few generous knobs of butter
- 60g butter
- 1 medium onion, peeled and finely chopped
- 100g extra chicken livers, chopped
- 2tsps chopped thyme leaves
- 80–100g fresh white breadcrumbs
- 2tbsps chopped flat-leaf parsley, plus extra to serve

For the baked garlic sauce

- 4 heads of new-season garlic
- A few sprigs of curly parsley
- ½tbsp Dijon mustard
- 70g fresh white breadcrumbs
- 2–3tbsps duck fat, warmed, or the pan juices from the roast chicken
- A little milk, to mix
- Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper

NEXT MONTH

Meet the Reluctant Cook, *Esquire*'s brilliant new food columnist

Photographs by Jason Lowe

ROAST CHICKEN

SERVES 2–3



Inspired by the simple and honest food at L'Ami Louis in Paris, where the quality of the ingredients used is respected. Roast chicken has become one of the specialties on my restaurants' menus.

DIRECTIONS

1 | Pre-heat the oven to 220°C/gas 7. Season the chicken inside and out with salt and pepper. Put the herbs into the cavity. Rub the knobs of butter all over the meat.
2 | For the stuffing, melt the butter in a pan. Add the onion, chopped livers and thyme, season and cook over a medium heat for 2–3mins then remove from the heat, mix in the breadcrumbs, parsley and season to taste. Spoon the stuffing into the cavity of the bird.
3 | Put the chicken into a large roasting tin and roast in the oven, basting regularly. NB: add the whole livers to the roasting tin for the last 6mins.
4 | After 45mins, test the bird by inserting a skewer into the thickest part of the thigh. The juices should run clear; if still pinkish, return to oven and roast for a little longer.
5 | Lift the chicken out onto a warmed platter and rest in a warm place for 10mins. You can either remove the legs whole and cut into two then carve the breast meat thickly, or leave it to your guests to cut it up themselves, which I always prefer. Serve with the baked new-season garlic sauce.



DIRECTIONS FOR THE GARLIC SAUCE

1 | Pre-heat the oven to 200°C/gas 6. Wrap the garlic bulbs in foil and bake them in the oven for 1hr. Unwrap and leave until cool enough to handle, then peel away any tough outer skin.
2 | Put the garlic into a blender with the parsley, mustard, breadcrumbs and warm duck fat or chicken juices and blend all together until smooth. Add enough milk to give the sauce a thick pouring consistency and season with salt and pepper to taste.



For the herb salt

Make a batch of this and keep in a sealed jar in the fridge to stay fresh to use on other meats or fish.

- 30g celery leaves
- 30g rosemary leaves
- 30g oregano or marjoram leaves
- 30g Cornish sea salt flakes
- 30g garlic salt

Ingredients

- 1 x 800g–1kg porterhouse steak
- Sea salt and coarse-ground black pepper
- Vegetable or corn oil for brushing
- Herb salt, to serve
- Extra virgin olive oil, to serve

2

GRILLED PORTERHOUSE STEAK

SERVES 2–3

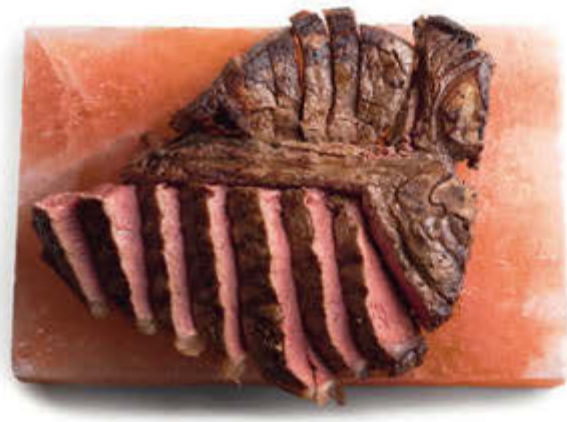
A porterhouse is basically a T-bone cut across the carcass to incorporate both the fillet and the sirloin. It needs to be about 800g–1kg, otherwise it's too thin to grill properly. Very little needs to be done to a steak like this, just nicely seasoned with sea salt and coarse-ground black pepper then onto a ribbed griddle on a high heat or, better still, a barbecue for maximum flavour. The delicious herb, salt and olive oil mix makes an inspiring accompaniment to the beef.

DIRECTIONS

1 | Pre-heat a ribbed griddle plate, or light a barbecue. Season and lightly oil the steak. Grill on a fairly high heat ideally for 4–5mins each side — depending on thickness — for medium rare; or a bit less for rare and more for well done.
2 | Leave to rest for a few minutes then slice as shown in the photo (below) and serve with the herb salt and olive oil.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE HERB SALT

1 | Set your oven to the lowest temperature on the fan setting (about 50–60°C). Place the celery leaves, rosemary and oregano on a baking tray and leave in the oven for 3–5hrs, or longer if necessary. Keep an eye on it and turn the oven down if the leaves are going brown. You can also achieve this in a microwave by just placing the herbs on a plate.
2 | Once the herbs have dried, give them all a quick blend in a food processor with the sea salt and garlic salt, then store in an airtight container for future use on other meats and fish.




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Havana deer leather safari jacket, £4,500, by Bally



Purple nubuck leather safari jacket, £3,000, by Burberry Prorsum

Light blue suede safari jacket, £3,150, by Alfred Dunhill



EXPLORER CHIC

GO WILD WITH SAFARI JACKETS THIS SPRING



→ Lapels are spreading wider, trousers are getting drapier and hair is growing longer. It can only mean one thing — the Seventies are back. For spring/summer '15, Prada, Topman and Tom Ford produced collections which could have been taken straight out of the disco decade. Flared trousers, shirts with oversized collars and shades of burnt ochre, avocado and Sunny Delight orange were put together for the first time since 1979 and, somehow, it worked. Challenging trouser shapes and unforgiving colourways aside, the key piece to invest in is the belted safari jacket. Originally championed by Yves Saint Laurent (left), it's the ultimate mid-season outer layer and now has been reimagined by most designers, from a corded leather version at Louis Vuitton to a suede style at Berluti and a soft cotton gabardine take by Bottega Veneta designer Tomas Maier. Wear yours with a pair of tonal trousers, some aviators and a hell of a lot of chest hair.

Green suede safari jacket, £2,515, by Berluti



Khaki cotton safari jacket, £1,100, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label



GETTY I HEARST STUDIOS I SEE STOCKISTS PAGE FOR DETAILS


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01 | THE BIKE: COLOURBOLT BLACK NYLON SINGLE SPEED

Recommended by Gill Ord, director of Mosquito Bikes, London

"The Colourbolt has a low-key look, but underneath the 'Black Nylon' finish is a British handmade frame in Italian steel tubing. Each bike is custom made and the nylon coating is the same used on the London underground handrails." £1,800, mosquito-bikes.co.uk

WAKE-UP WORKOUT

WHY YOU SHOULD RECONSIDER YOUR MORNING COMMUTE

→ Pre-work exercise is a tough concept to get your head around, particularly when conditions are less than clement. But studies show that expelling some serious energy first thing in the morning on your commute to the office can speed up metabolism, regulate appetite and ready your brain for a day of work — as well as saving you money on transport. But what's the best way to do it? How should you prepare? And what kit should you use? *Esquire* has done the legwork. Race you to the office?

04 | THE TRAINERS: NIKE FLYKNIT LUNAR 3

Recommended by Ben Hobson, digital editor, runnersworld.co.uk

"The new shoe from Nike is a good choice for the commute; it's light and well cushioned for those miles into the office. They can even handle a bit of speed, if need be." £140, nike.com



02 | THE BAG: HILL & ELLIS LEATHER BIKE BAG

British-made and timelessly designed, the Hill & Ellis bike bag features a built-in, spring-loaded pannier clip, so getting it on and off your bike is a doddle. If you decide to walk instead, simply clip on the shoulder strap. £195, hillandellis.com



03 | THE APP: ARGUS

Argus is a one-stop shop for all round fitness and tracks all the info you need from hours slept to distance travelled to optimise your commute. It even has automatic run detection, so you can't forget to switch it on for the jog into work. Free, iOS



05 | THE OUTFIT: IFFLEY ROAD KIT

Named after the Oxford running track where Roger Bannister ran the first sub-four-minute mile, Iffley Road makes unfussy, technical running kit. The shorts are cut from free moving Italian fabric and the T-shirt is made from lightweight "Drirelease" cloth. Dover white shorts, £60; white classic track T-shirt, £65, iffleyroad.com



Morning fuel

The perfect pre-workout breakfast, by Scott Baptie, nutritionist and founder of foodforfitness.co.uk:

"For running and cycling, it's good to have a pre-workout breakfast, but something stodgy might sit heavy in your stomach. The best thing to go for is a smoothie, as it's an easy way of getting a good mix of protein and carb to fuel your morning session." Here's his perfect smoothie recipe:

- 250ml milk
- 1/2 scoop vanilla whey protein
- 50g frozen berries
- 50g oats
- Pinch of cinnamon



06 | THE JACKET: VICTORINOX MONTY

Thanks to creative director Christopher Raeburn, Victorinox's active wear has been given a makeover. With a removable quilted inner, the jacket can be worn as a lightweight waterproof, handy gilet or insulated coat. It's just the thing, regardless of how you're getting in to work. £225, victorinox.com



Get the most from your walk to work

by Harry Jameson, Esquire's personal trainer

1



RUNNING

Break your journey into three levels of intensity: walk between the first two lampposts, jog between the second pair and sprint between the third. Repeat continuously.

2



WALKING:

While walking to work, to maximise the physical benefits you should stand tall. Pay attention to your posture. Keep your head up, stomach in, and shoulders relaxed. Lift your chest and make sure you engage your abs.

3



CYCLING

When it comes to cycling efficiency, it's all down to cadence, the number of times you pedal each minute. Aim for 60–80rpms to maximise your efficiency on the way to the office.



WORDS BY CHARLIE TEASDALE | HEARST STUDIOS

MASTER KEY

CARTIER'S NEWEST CROWNING GLORY

→ The Cartier Tank is among the most iconic watches in the world. From the angular lines of the Francaise model and the elongated beauty of the Americaine to the elegant simplicity of the Louis Cartier, it's hard to imagine a more stylish timepiece.

For 2015, however, Cartier has provided a worthy, curvy alternative. Though the French marque has been producing round watches for men — think Ballon Bleu and Rotonde — for many years, the new Clé de Cartier, released in Geneva in January, is a step beyond. Devoid of sharp angles, the lugs are smoothly tapered, the bezel circular and the dial open and clean, finished with a simple guilloche pattern.

The only geometric addition to this new watch, available to buy this month, is the rectangular "clé" (key) crown. Three things set this watch apart: that crown, complete with a sapphire embedded into the metal, resets the time and date in a manner akin to winding up a clock with a key; the Clé is the first watch to contain Cartier's new, in-house produced, self-winding 1847 MC movement; and, of course, you can wear it with anything.

ESQUIRE APPROVES

White gold Clé de Cartier 40mm on black alligator leather strap, £14,200
cartier.co.uk



Photograph by Amy Currell

WORDS BY TED VAN DEN BROEKE | SET DESIGN BY THOMAS BIRD

Oliver Spencer



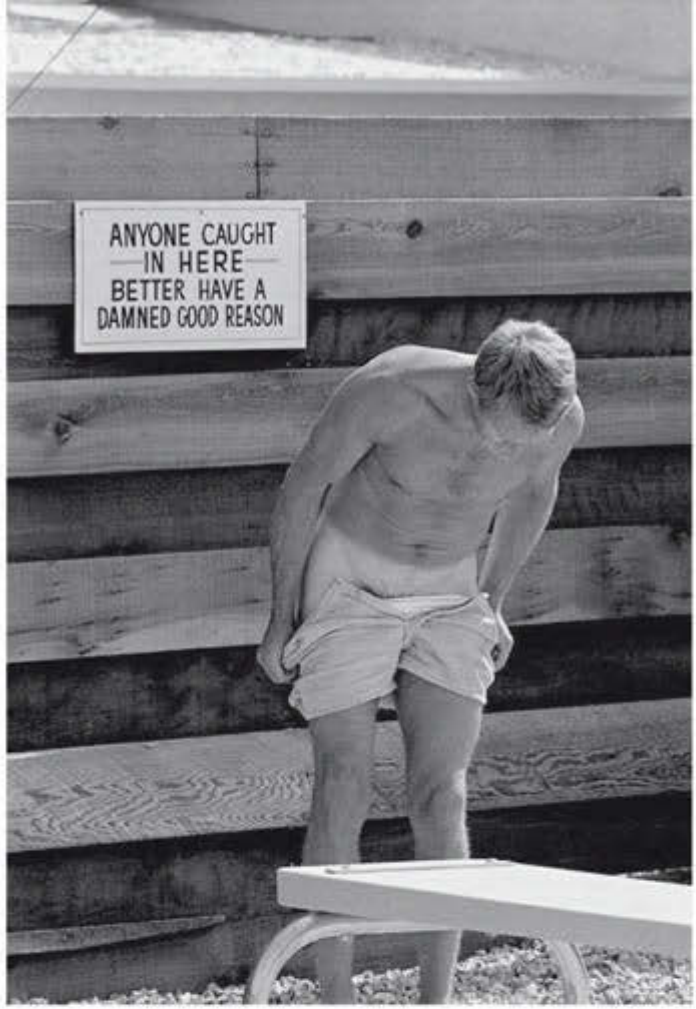
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THE STYLE COLUMN

JEREMY LANGMEAD

IS FASHION-SPEAK GETTING LOST IN TRANSLATION?



We're guessing Steve McQueen had a damned good reason to remove his pants (and his pants)

→ As American terminology sneaks into our British vocabulary, there are fewer words or terms from across the Atlantic that cause a double take when overheard. In cupcake cafes in Primrose Hill, middle-class mums often pepper "Oh, man" into their conversations about school fêtes and organic butchers; Anglo Saxon accents frequently ask for the "check" rather than the bill in smart West End restaurants; Queen's Park teenagers casually, and not always ironically, greet friends as "bruv" or "bro", and now, nearly everyone refers to trainers as sneakers.

Fashion is as much responsible for this trend as cheap transatlantic flights, US TV imports and the world wide web. In fact, the web, having given birth to global e-commerce stores, fashion blogs and social media sites, is quickly forcing us all to swallow the fact that the localised terminology for items of clothing will soon have to morph into one accepted, international language. When mrporter.com — a UK-based retailer serving the UK and US — was being created it had to choose between trousers or pants, dinner suits or tuxes, brogues or wingtips. Whichever was chosen, the chances were someone somewhere would be puzzled, and the SEO success hampered. Similar choices had to be made with spelling, too, like colour or color.

It's rare today to travel somewhere within a 10-hour time zone and be totally lost for words. And rare to worry that someone has stitched you up when you do try to speak the local language; although I'm still nervous of mistakenly asking for front bottom instead of the bill when dining in Milan: *"Il conto per favore"* sounds dangerously inappropriate. The same anxiety struck me years ago when "bum bags", or waist wallets, were first fashionable — in the US they're called "fanny packs". Well, wouldn't ya know. I was slapping my sides for days.

However, as my ex-wife discovered recently, there are still pockets of sartorial terminology left unaltered by time or trend. One is the cruise ship industry where, ironically, dress codes don't appear to travel well. She embarked on a Crystal Cruises Malaysian Mystique tour (not out of choice, she'd want me to point out, but as a job for a newspaper). This is what Crystal Cruises suggested she and her partner wear when black tie wasn't necessary for dining: "New! Crystal Casual dress code calls for a dressed-up version of casual looks. For women, Crystal Casual attire includes a dress, blouse or sweater and skirt or dressy slacks. Men's attire can include a sport coat, dress shirt, button-down shirt, open-collar or collared polo shirt and dress pants or European smart trousers (no tie required)."

Do any of you know of anyone — mum, wife, girlfriend or colleague — who says, "Hey, do you love my new dressy slacks? Found them in Zara yesterday!" No, you don't. And if you do, she found them in Peacocks, not Zara. (How come Peacocks still exists? Quite extraordinary.)

And I'm afraid, though it's totally the norm in the US and many other locations, I still find the words "dress pant" a tiny bit snigger-inducing. Obviously, a dress pant there means a formal trouser, but it's a little odd, isn't it? A dress is a thing ladies wear, a pant is a thing men wear (whether it refers to a pair of trousers or underwear), and therefore, a dress pant is surely a thing that, well, ladymen wear...

The problem is that dressy slacks and dress pants sound unsexy, even when not preceded by the killer duo Crystal Casual. Here's some context. I googled "dress pants" and up popped a humdrum US retailer called Express with a variety of dress pants. In a bid to put them into a man-friendly context, they have been given "aspirational" names: choose from a "non-iron photographer dress pant", an "end-on-end (eh?) producer dress pant" or a "stretch cotton innovator or agent dress pant". Hand on heart, do any of those sound like they will seal the deal on a date, or in the boardroom. No, no, no.

So, however well travelled you are, even if you do have a Virgin Atlantic gold card, and like saying, "Oh, that? I bought it in Brooklyn", please keep an eye on what you call your clothes. At some point, we are going to need a United Nations-sponsored Fashion Terminology Referendum. If not, and I'm being serious, it might not be long before you have to wear dress pants and fanny packs in public. You may never recover from the ordeal.

One style fits all: a "pants" idea from US brand Express



GETTY

Russell&Bromley



The Manchester kilty mocassin
www.russellandbromley.co.uk

DISCOVER OUR ROOTS



ROOT56 | MIX JÄGERMEISTER WITH GINGER BEER

for the facts drinkaware.co.uk



The origins of Jägermeister can be traced back over 80 years to the small town of Wolfenbüttel, Germany. Since production began here, ginger root has been a key ingredient in our complex blend of 56 herbs and spices. Which is, of course, why Jägermeister goes so naturally with ginger beer – especially served with ice, lime and cucumber. We call it a Root56. A celebration of our deepest bonds, and a worthy accompaniment to yours.

Jägermeister IT RUNS DEEP



ESQUIRE APPROVES

Navy wool made-to-measure three-piece suit, £1,725 *gievesandhawkes.com*

GET HIM TO THE TAILOR ON TIME

ESQUIRE MAN TAKES MADE-TO-MEASURE IN A CREATIVE DIRECTION

→ When Nick Millington, creative director of *Esquire,* announced he was planning to get married in July, the collective mind of the office turned to his outfit. Nick's preferred wardrobe consists of fisherman's jumpers, snug jeans and hiking boots; all great for the British winter, not so suitable for walking down the aisle in mid-summer.

The solution? Gieves & Hawkes' recently revamped made-to-measure tailoring service. Overseen by chief creative officer Jason Basmajian, the service is offered at the famous tailor's shop at No 1 Savile Row. There are thousands of fabrics to choose from and, after eight weeks and two fittings, a suit will be made to your exact specifications, cut to fit your shape in line with the brand's slimmed-down, contemporary block.

After flipping through hundreds of fabric swatches and considering numerous styles — peak lapels? Notch lapels? Slanted pockets? Turn-ups? — Nick selected a navy birdseye worsted wool single-breasted three-piece. "It was a great feeling to know I was choosing a suit that would fit me properly," Nick says. "Tim Ardron, the tailor, listened to what I wanted and answered all my uninformed questions without making me feel like an amateur.

"It's exciting to be in control of every part of the suit — the fabric, the lining, the cut, the lapels, the waistcoat, the pocket configuration. Most importantly, it will make me feel good for the most photographed day of my life."



‹ Tailor Tim Ardron takes 16 separate measurements to ensure the perfect fit



^ Eight weeks later, Nick is all set. Now, if only he can remember to have a shave…

‹ Once the style has been chosen, the suit fabric is selected from 1,500 options



› A tailoring consultant manages each commission from start to finish

Photographs by Christopher Hunt

IT'S BACK!

From the people behind Britain's most stylish
and sophisticated men's magazine

Esquire

THE BIG BLACK BOOK

The biannual style manual for successful men.
Don't get dressed without it

SPRING/SUMMER ISSUE OUT NOW

RUM CLUB

FOR WARM WEATHER DRINKING, THERE'S ONLY ONE SPIRIT THAT'LL DO

→"There's nothing like drinking rum in the sun," says Fin Spiteri, manager at the cocktail bar and restaurant Quo Vadis in Soho. "It makes me think of drinking mojitos at carnivals, or sipping cuba libres at barbecues with friends — good times, basically."

Rum is also extremely versatile. "There's a massive difference between rums from Cuba and Jamaica, or Venezuela and Guatemala, so you can find one that really works for you." Here's *Esquire*'s five of the best, plus Spiteri's tasting notes. *quovadissoho.co.uk*

1

DIPLOMATICO RESERVA EXCLUSIVA

"This is a Venezuelan rum, blended from different aged heavy rums. It's like a sweetshop on the nose — there's honeycomb and toffee. But it's got a surprising length on the palate, which balances it out. You could make a rum old fashioned with it, but without adding any sugar, just bitters."
£40, gerrys.uk.com



3

BACARDI 8 YEAR OLD

"This Cuban rum is soft on the nose, smooth and gentle," Spiteri says. "It's perfect for a cocktail like a mojito or a millionaire [equal measures aged rum, apricot liqueur, sloe gin and lime juice; drinks that need a balance of flavours."
£27, 31dover.com



2

EL DORADO 15 YEAR OLD

"Produced in Guyana and matured in oak, this is a proper, grown-up rum. It's a 15-year-old rum which has mellowed and refined, so it tastes beautifully smooth and smoky. I'd drink this straight, or with a cube of ice. You don't want to do too much to it at all."
£43, thedrinkshop.com

4

ZACAPA 23 YEAR OLD

"This is a fantastic blend of Guatemalan rums aged between six and 23 years. It's made using the solera aging process, in which barrels are moved around in a pyramid formation, and gradually blended. The result is a nutty, punchy rum that's incredibly well-balanced, but with an alcoholic hit."
£60, harrods.com

DRY DAIQUIRI

"This is fruity, flavoursome and very simple to make – perfect for spring drinking. The lime and passion fruit work well together, and the Campari adds a drying effect, which stops the drink from being over-sweet."

INGREDIENTS

50ml Appleton 12-year-old rum

25ml lime juice

12.5ml Campari

12.5ml passion fruit syrup (available at Waitrose, Gerry's, Amethyst)

Combine ingredients in a shaking tin, shake over ice, double strain and garnish with a lime wedge. Serve in a cocktail coupe.



5

APPLETON 12 YEAR OLD

"Sweet on the nose, with notes of caramel and honey. The finish on the palate is short but powerful, and there's a pleasing warmth. It makes me think of a Reposado Tequila. It'd be nice with grilled lemons. A great Jamaican spirit."
£35, thewhiskyexchange.com

Words by Max Olesker | Photograph by Agata Pec



THE BARBER DOSSIER

PALMA

FORGET IBIZA. MALLORCA'S CAPITAL HAS THE BALEARICS' BEST BARS AND BEACHES

→ The monster that is Magaluf may be just along the coast from Palma, but the Mallorcan capital is a world apart from the hedonistic holiday carnage of "Shagaluf". I'd say this super-civilised city is one of Spain's greatest, thanks to boutique hotels, a fabulous foodie scene and fun nightlife, while Mallorca overall is an island starting to rival Ibiza as the hotspot of the Balearics. *Tom Barber is a founder of travel-site originaltravel.co.uk*

GET THERE

BA, Ryanair and Easyjet fly daily from several UK airports

Illustrations by Damien Weighill



STAY

At Puro Hotel for its ideal location in the alleys of La Lonja in the heart of the old city, the lovely courtyard and buzzing bar. Take a slick, minimalist room in the private wing — partly converted from an 18th-century palace — and with a great chill-out roof area where sleek staff serve excellent tapas. Guests get free access to the Purobeach club (see Party). *purohotel.com*

LUNCH

The Palmesanos are passionate about their food, so head to their gastronomic temple, the Mercat de l'Olivar. This huge food-fest puts London's Borough Market to shame, as do the prices. Grab a stool at Bar del Peix for *boquerones* (anchovies), or hit Sushi King for excellent Japanese. *mercatolivar.com; sushikingpalma.com*

DO ↑

Hit the beach. Palma has some decent city beaches but Mallorca's best are further afield. Rent a boat to get to the almost inaccessible Es Coll Baix beach, thus avoiding a long, steep walk from and back to Alcudia village.

AVOID

Spending any more time at Palma's airport upon your departure than strictly necessary; or be mobbed by your fellow countrymen and women at their most radioactively red after a week on a Magaluf package.



DINE

Palma's restaurant scene is smoking hot and an Englishman is fanning the flames. We're a fan of Michelin-starred Marc Fosh's Simply Fosh but now his Misa brasserie is the go-to haunt. Start with a drink in the upstairs bar in the UR Mision de San Miguel Hotel before trying to guess the secret spices that make the farmhouse roast chicken so delicious. *marcfosh.com*



PARTY →

Day: head to Purobeach club for Balearic beats, booze and bikinis. Night: Garito Cafe is an intimate art-deco space with friendly staff on a marina, a "no-VIP section" attitude and super soundproofing for the excellent DJs to crank up the anthems. *purobeach.com; garitocafe.com*



DRINK ↑

It may be the influence of the English expats, or the fact it works wonders on a balmy summer's evening, but in Palma, gin is most definitely in. While wandering the old town for tapas, make sure to stop at Ginbo to sample some of its 120 gins and a dozen tonics. Juniperphobics note there are plenty of other spirits, too.



SHOP

The Mallorcan town of Inca is home to Camper shoes, and remains its international HQ. Pick up a pair of their new Peus at the immaculate Fernando Amat-revamped Calle de San Miguel outlet: part museum, part temple, all store. *camper.com*

SEE ←

The modernist Joan Miró Foundation in the suburb of Cala Major honouring the painter born in Barcelona but who spent his latter years in Mallorca. Nearly 120 of his works are displayed, many in the Josep Lluís Sert-designed studio resting on easels as if the great man might walk back in at any moment and continue painting. *miro.palmademallorca.es*

WHEN IN...

Sleep. The siesta may be dying out in mainland Spain but remains fully part of the fabric of Palma life. Shops and cafes in town close mid-afternoon, so either make it a very, very long lunch, or take the laidback Palmesanos' lead.

WHY NOW ↖

Nit de Foc (Night of Fire) festival every 23 June is all about Hispanic high hedonism with lashings of pyromania transforming the city into street parties with bonfires, fireworks and "demons" armed with fire crackers. Aim to end up watching the *madre* of all fireworks displays reflected in the giant lake in Parc de la Mar before the huge gothic cathedral.

ALAMY I GETTY

WONDER WOOL

ZEGNA'S SPECIAL CASHMERE LIGHTENS THE LOAD FOR SUMMER



ESQUIRE APPROVES

Navy/grey cashmere mac, £4,200, by Ermenegildo Zegna Couture

→ Founded in 1910, the Ermenegildo Zegna Wool Mill (Lanificio) is the beating heart of the Italian tailoring house. Producing the vast majority of Zegna's cloths, its Lanificio is among the best in the world, also producing fabrics for many of fashion's biggest brands. Late in 2012, former Dior and YSL designer Stefano Pilati was appointed to reinvigorate the design area of the business, but that doesn't mean the focus on exemplary quality has fallen by the wayside.

Regular readers of the *Esquire* Style pages will know we have a thing for billowy fabrics, so we're very happy to see the arrival of Zegna's new Century cashmere, a super-soft, super-light, double-faced fabric developed by the Lanificio for a series of simple spring/summer designs including cropped bomber jackets, double-breasted overcoats and striped, single-breasted macs.

Made of fibres from the Inner Mongolian cashmere goat (the most-prized wool in the world), the cloth earns its Century title because it is 100 per cent cashmere, it is worked with 100 real plant teasels to achieve optimum softness, and the cloth has a thread count of 100.

But best of all, the delicate nature of Zegna's Century cashmere means it is absolutely perfect for summer layering.

zegna.com



HOT FOOT IT TO JOHN LOBB

Best known for finely crafted monk-straps and durable, chunky Chelsea boots, Northampton-based, Hermès-owned shoe manufacturer John Lobb has released a new lightweight trainer. The Levah (new artistic director Paula Gerbase's first design; check out her own clothing brand 1205, too), is simple, straightforward and bang on-trend for summer in chalk-coloured calf leather. Alternativley, if you were to choose a pair in "dusk" or "stone" — shades inspired by John Lobb's home county of Cornwall — you'd also be looking fresh this season.

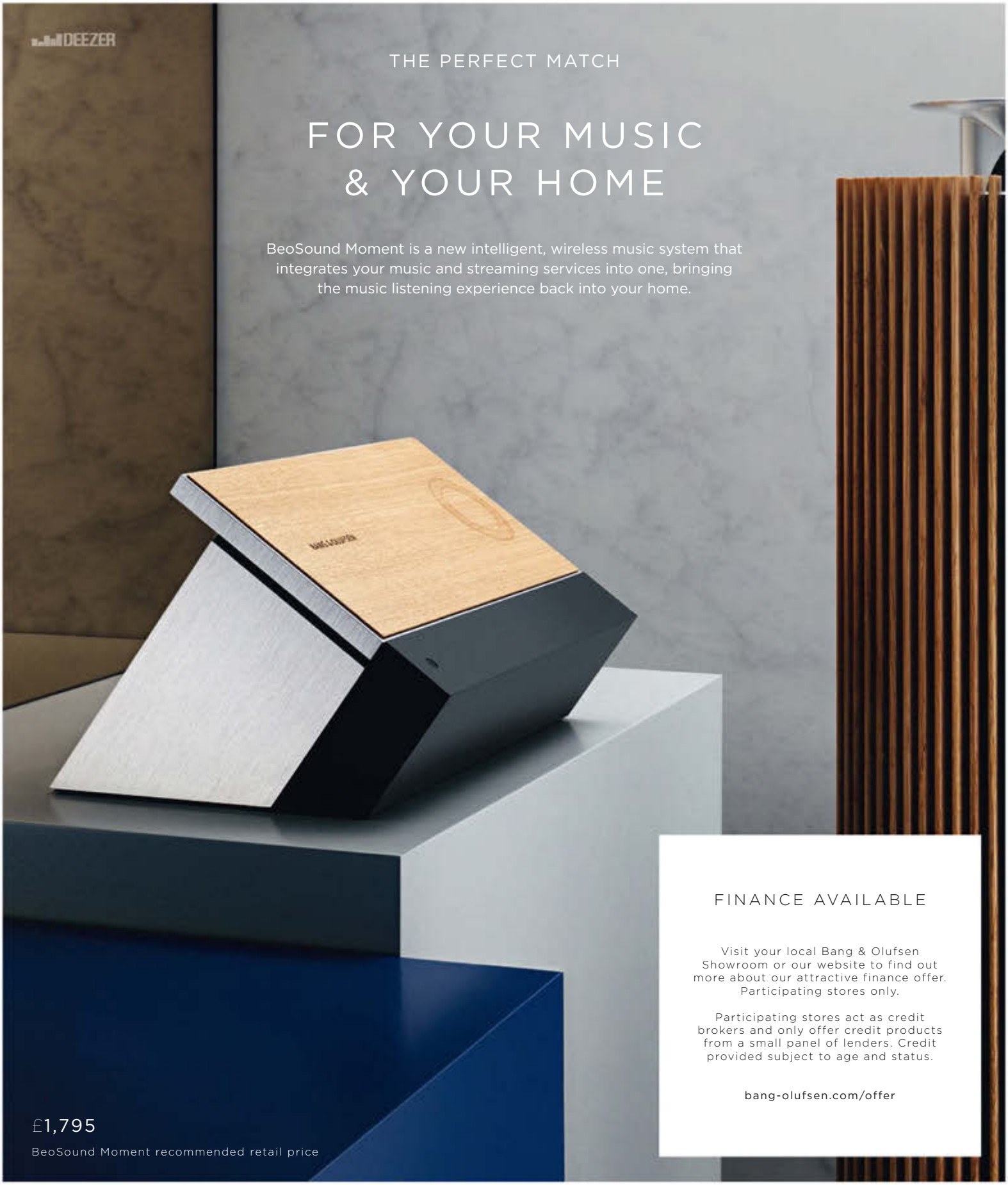
£400, *johnlobb.com*



Photograph by Dan McAlister

HEARST STUDIOS


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www.porsche-design.com



BEOSOUND MOMENT

BANG & OLUFSEN

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

FIVE MASCULINE FRAGRANCES YOU CAN WEAR ALL YEAR AROUND

Traditionally, the annual boom time for fragrance manufacturers is the pre-Christmas shopping frenzy when their products pour out the store doors, gift-wrapped, bagged and name-tagged. The men's scents most popular at this time are naturally at the heavier, winter-friendly end of the spectrum.

However, once the days lengthen, warm, fresher, lighter aromas are called for. Over the past decade or so, the manufacturers have strategically targeted holidaymakers at the airport Duty Free shops with a light, summery version of an already well-known and best-selling fragrance. Typically defined by the addition of an aquatic or citrus note to the basic formula, these lighter versions of popular scents were ideal to take to hotter climates and, once back home, completed the set on bathroom shelves, sitting next to the originals.

This year, however, the big brands have decided what we want throughout the year is not diluted sub-versions of our favourite fragrances, but rather solid, masculine scents in a single bottle, which are designed to be worn as regularly as we want, whenever we want, whatever the time of year.

With this in mind, for this season's five most notable fragrance releases, there's not a summery note in sight.

1 ACQUA DI PARMA

Colonia Ambra Eau de Cologne

—

Acqua di Parma's new scent looks to illustrate Venice's history of perfumery and starts lightly with orange and bergamot at the top. But it then descends to a rich, spicy base of sandalwood, labdanum and musk. *£150 for 100ml, available at Harrods*



Photographs by Lydia Whitmore

2

BENTLEY
Infinite Intense

—

A punchier version of Infinite. Black pepper, lavender and violet lead off, followed with a heart of nutmeg and elemi, while patchouli and vetiver make the base. A more manly scent will be hard to find.
£70 for 100ml

3

ARMANI
Acqua Di Giò Profumo

—

A reboot of a classic, Acqua di Giò Profumo looks to symbolise the meeting of sea and rock, which explains the mixing of aquatic accord and bergamot with earthy notes of sage and rosemary.
£60 for 50ml

4

TOM FORD
Noir Extreme

—

Thanks to the saffron, cardamom and nutmeg at its spicy centre, Noir Extreme is a big, rich, bold fragrance. Other notes include mandarin oil, rose absolute and, true to Tom Ford's form, neroli.
£70 for 50ml



5

JO MALONE
Incense & Cedrat
Cologne Intense

—

The British perfumer's latest addition to its Cologne Intense range, Incense & Cedrat offers three layers of resins (elemi, labdanum and benzoin) that help to intensify the incense at the heart of the fragrance.
£105 for 50ml

SEE STOCKISTS PAGE FOR DETAILS



shop.swatch.co.uk

swatch
IRONY XLITE

Jeep
THERE'S ONLY ONE

COULD IT BE ANY MORE PERFECT?



There's not a single cloud in the sky and yet it's the Jeep Grand Cherokee that really shines. With its dynamic looks, luxurious interior, innovative technologies and strong, yet efficient engines things really don't get any better. Perhaps that's why it's the most awarded SUV ever.* And should the weather take a turn for the worse, you can always turn on the heated seats.^

To book a test drive or for more information, visit jeep.co.uk or your local dealer.

Jeep, with

EXPO MILANO 2015

Model shown is a new Jeep Grand Cherokee 3.0 litre V6 Summit. OFFICIAL FUEL CONSUMPTION FIGURES FOR THE NEW 2014 JEEP® GRAND CHEROKEE DIESEL RANGE IN MPG (L/100KM): EXTRA URBAN 43.5 (6.5), URBAN 30.4 (9.3), COMBINED 37.7 (7.5), CO_2 EMISSIONS: 198 G/KM. Fuel consumption and CO_2 figures are obtained for comparative purposes in accordance with EC directives/regulations and may not be representative of real-life driving conditions. Factors such as driving style, weather and road conditions may also have a significant effect on fuel consumption. *Claim relates to the Jeep Grand Cherokee nameplate over its lifetime. ^Excludes Laredo model. Specifications are correct at time of going to press (03/15). Please visit jeep.co.uk for latest information. Jeep® is a registered trademark of FCA US LLC.



IF ESQUIRE DID PUBS

FOUR OF OUR FAVOURITE LONDON BOOZERS

Don't get us wrong: *Esquire* loves a pretentious, overpriced gastropub as much as the next girl. But like plenty of other drinkers, until recently we'd been keenly mourning the loss of the traditional British boozer. Happily, newly established watering holes delivering well-kept beer, considered bar snacks and proper dartboards are popping up all over. Here are *Esquire*'s favourite capital haunts — and not a 10-quid razor clam in sight.



THE SUN TAVERN, BETHNAL GREEN

Though the past year has seen the craft beer industry dominate drinking, there's still plenty to be said for a good short spirit. With that in mind, make a visit to The Sun Tavern in east London: its bar menu boasts nearly 40 brands of Irish spirits, but our educated choice is the *Poitín* ("po-cheen"), a fierce, home-distilled spirit that will warm even the coldest of hearts.
Bethnal Green Road, E2



THE CROSS KEYS, CHELSEA

A former haunt of Dylan Thomas, The Rolling Stones and Bob Marley, this famous old pub was boarded up in 2012. Now, helped by a petition from the local community, it's reopened at last. "Pubs are essential in British culture," says new landlord Mark Dyer. "And in resurrecting such an iconic pub we are contributing to British heritage, while keeping the community happy with a truly good local." The roaring fireplace and light-filled atrium have been maintained, but the beer list and bar food menu have been brought bang up to date. *Lawrence Street, SW3*

THE LATCHMERE, BATTERSEA

One of the best theatre pubs in London, the Latchmere's period features have had a recent facelift and the original façade is as impressive as ever, but the real attraction is the Olivier Award-winning theatre upstairs. It stages more than 300 performances each year, so stop in for some serious culture with your beer.
Battersea Park Road, SW11





EALING PARK TAVERN, EALING

If it's beer you want, head to Ealing's newly opened Park Tavern, complete with a microbrewery in the basement. If drinking the impressive range of seasonal bitters and pale ales simply isn't enough, take a tour of the brewery for tutorials, beer-and-food pairing tips plus samples of the brews.
South Ealing Road, W5

SCOTCH EGGS

Mark Hix's recipe for the best bar snack ever...



Ingredients

- 175g good quality Cumberland sausage meat
- 175g black pudding, chopped
- 4 duck eggs, boiled for 4–5 mins, cooled in cold water and peeled
- Flour, for dusting
- 1 duck egg, beaten
- 50–60g fresh white breadcrumbs
- Vegetable or corn oil for deep-frying

METHOD

1 | Mix the sausage meat and black pudding together and divide into four balls. Flatten into patties, then wrap the meat around each boiled egg evenly, moulding it with your hands. Have three shallow containers ready, one each for the flour, the beaten egg and the breadcrumbs.
2 | Dip the meat/egg balls first into the flour, shaking off any excess, then into the beaten egg and, finally, the breadcrumbs. Reshape if necessary.
3 | Preheat 8cm of oil to 140–150°C in a large, thick-bottomed saucepan or electric deep-fat fryer. Cook the scotch eggs for 3–4 mins, turning until evenly browned. Remove with a slotted spoon and drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot, at room temperature, or cold.

OUT OF OFFICE ASSISTANCE

FREE YOURSELF FROM THE FIXED-SPACE WORKPLACE WITH THIS PORTABLE KIT

Whether you're sitting on the runway at Rio or in the Costa in Camden, everyone knows these days the office is just about the least productive place to try and get some work done. There's only one environment where you default to distracting tasks — raiding the stationery cupboard, surfing the lunch menu at the new Korean ramen bar, teasing Tom from accounts — or where you're constantly interrupted by people asking, "I'm not interrupting you, am I?", and that's your literal place of employment. Break free from that and your next task is to maximise productivity when you're out and about. This kit's here to help.

ORIGINAL BRIEFCASE, BY FILSON

Specialising in "rugged quality" since 1897, Filson's Seattle-made luggage is guaranteed for life. Also: lots of pockets.
£215, filson.com

7MM PORTABLE DRIVE, BY SEAGATE

The world's thinnest portable hard drive is narrower than an iPhone 6 Plus, weighs 90g and is made of stainless steel. 500GB capacity.
£95, seagate.com

10-PORT USB 2.0 DESKTOP HUB, BY TRUST

High-speed USB hub: create 10 ports within hand-reach for fast connection of your iPhone, memory stick, camera, etc.
£18, trust.com

Words by Johnny Davis | Photograph by Agata Pec



→

FIDELIO NC1 HEADPHONES, BY PHILIPS

—

Lock yourself into a world of your own with these active noise-cancelling headphones, which use four mics to invert ambient noise. Foldable and comfortable.
£250, philips.co.uk

↖

POWERSTATION XL, BY MOPHIE

—

Portable battery designed to quick-charge two devices at once. Will recharge your smartphone up to eight times.
£110, mophie.com

→

CLASSIC, BY BLACKBERRY

—

Serious about working (as opposed to Instagraming)? Bin off Samsung and Apple. BlackBerry's relaunched Classic does one thing, email, exceptionally well.
Free with contract from £18 p/m, blackberry.com

↑

LARGE RULED HARD EVERNOTE NOTEBOOK, BY MOLESKINE

—

The "pleasure of paper" with the practicality of digital. Doodle away then a special scan system allows notes to become digital searchable items.
£20 with three months' subscription to Evernote Premium, moleskine.com

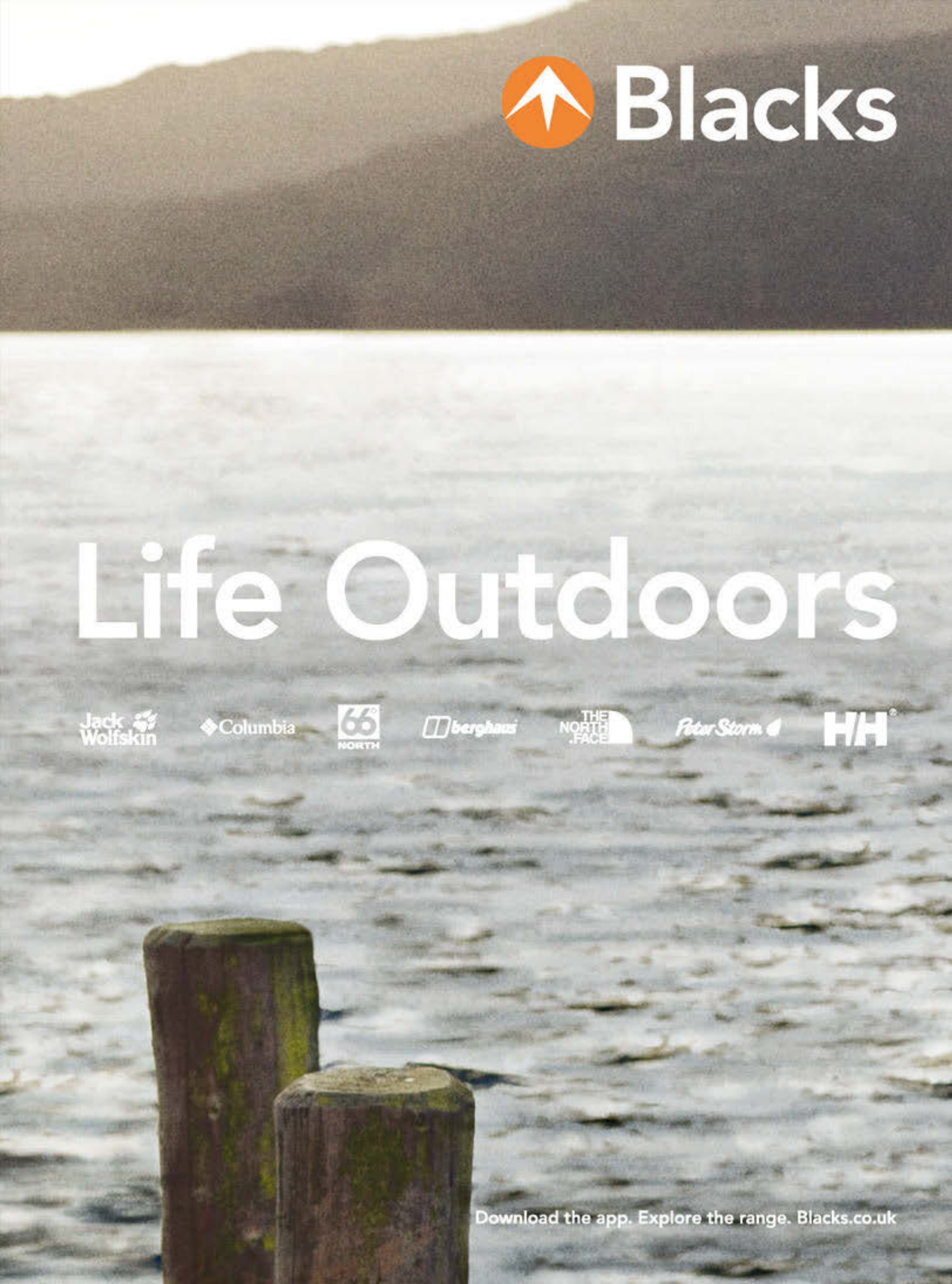
↓

SURFACE PRO 3.0, BY MICROSOFT

—

The tablet that can replace your laptop? With a kickstand and optional click-in keyboard, this 12in screen packs Windows 8.1 Pro, 256GB and Intel i7 (1.7Ghz).
£1,025, microsoft.com


HH


Blacks
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Jack Wolfskin
Columbia
66 NORTH
berghaus
THE NORTH FACE
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HH
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THE LIST

SIMON BAKER

THE ACTOR, DIRECTOR AND FACE OF GIVENCHY FRAGRANCE REVEALS HIS STYLE ESSENTIALS



STYLE

SHOES
Alden of New England. The first day you wear them, they feel like you've had them for 30 years.
SUIT
Givenchy.
JEANS
Acne.
SUNGLASSES
Oliver Peoples Tycoon. I don't think they make the frame any more, though, which is a real pisser.
SHIRTS
No particular brand, but I'm a collar freak. Everyone has a different neck-to-clavicle ratio, don't they?
TIE
Lanvin and Hermès, when they're not too cartoony.
BOXERS
Brooks Brothers. But the Ellen DeGeneres own-brand ones you get for going on her TV show are really good, too.
TRAINERS
Old-school Le Coq Sportif.
TUXEDO
Givenchy.

TOOLS

WATCH
Longines.
SURFBOARD
I have about 30 in different countries. At the moment, I'm favouring a single fin.
CAMERA
Leica M. I'm obsessed.
PHONE
iPhone.
TABLET
iPad.
COMPUTER
iMac.
CAR
1963 Rambler Ambassador.

GROOMING

FACE WASH
Soap.
SHAMPOO
Whatever's there. I'm not kidding you, sometimes I just use soap.
TOOTHPASTE
Tom's.
MOISTURISER
Crème de la Mer.
FRAGRANCE
Givenchy Gentlemen Only Casual Chic.

FURNITURE

CHAIR
An Eames in the office.
DESK
Ikea. Cheap as chips and very practical.







CULTURE

ALBUM
Astral Weeks, Van Morrison. I can't be without it. And he was only 22 when he made it. How fucking brilliant is that?
BOOK
At the moment I'm adapting *Breath* by Tim Winton into a screenplay, so I'm reading that a lot.
ARTWORK
Bill Henson's *Paris Opera Project* (1990–'91) is beautiful.



FOOD

WINE
Anything from the Margaret River region, Australia.
BEER
Asahi.
COCKTAIL
A negroni made with Dolin Vermouth.
DISH
Avocado on toast.
SNACK
Salted caramel ice cream.
RESTAURANTS
Longrain in Sydney; La Closerie des Lilas if I'm in Paris.



GETTY I HEARST STUDIOS


Elegance is an attitude
Simon Baker
LONGINES
Conquest Classic

LIGHT AND LUXURIOUS

SINCE ITS FOUNDING IN 1933 AS A SPORTSWEAR BRAND, BECOMING WORLD FAMOUS FOR ITS SIGNATURE POLO SHIRTS AND TENNIS SHOES, **LACOSTE** IS NOW PUSHING THE BOAT OUT

Taking sailing as a theme, Lacoste now offers a wider range of premium footwear, versatile enough to take its wearer from the city desk to the marina and beyond. The Keellson boat shoe is a case in point: in quality leather with high-traction sole and iconic crocodile logo the Keelson is so light to wear, elegant and versatile that it's a must-have for every man's new season wardrobe. You'll want to snap up a pair immediately.

The balmy climes of the French Riviera was where René Lacoste's unique, instantly recognisable brand of crisp, sportif chic first became de rigueur among members of the fashionable set. Today, the Keellson boat shoe perfectly encapsulates that connection between sporting prowess and relaxed style. It's a shoe that works effortlessly whether you're in town or out on the deck, a perfect mix of luxury with leisure.

Lacoste's sporting heritage underpins its tireless commitment to quality construction, but make no mistake, the Keellson is as easy on the eye as it is on the wearer's feet. It's a wonderfully modern reimagining of a classic design, updated with burnished leather uppers, tonal laces and piqué texturing around the foxing, which references the famed Lacoste polo shirt.

The shoe marks a stylish step forward for Lacoste, which has long been at the forefront of sophisticated sporting and leisure clothes design, and also delivers a definitive update on the contemporary boat shoe. Smart, relaxed and timeless, the Keellson is the perfect choice to help you keep your feet on the ground whether you're all at sea, busy in the city — or simply enjoying a well-earned sundowner on the yacht club terrace. The real challenge, of course, is investing in a boat that can match up to them. *Available at Lacoste boutiques, Asos and very.co.uk*





A CLASSIC BOAT SHOE
Featuring premium stitched-leather uppers with matching laces and tough eyelets, the brand's iconic crocodile logo on the side and a sturdy, sporty, colour coordinated sole, the Keellson boat shoe is another modern Lacoste classic.



LACOSTE KEELLSON
Put your best foot forward: the stylish Keellson is light, durable, immensely comfortable and available in navy, dark brown and tan. £100





Energy Supreme has a double detergent treat rate, when compared to Esso energy Unleaded, to help clean petrol engine intake valves. Energy Supreme Diesel has a double detergent treat rate, when compared to Esso energy Diesel, to help clean diesel engine fuel injectors. Claims based on (1) internal or third party vehicle engine testing; and/or (2) government publications; and/or (3) industry or scientific literature. Engine type, driving behaviour and other factors may also determine fuel and vehicle performance. More at esso.co.uk. Available at participating Esso service stations only.

HATCHING A PLAN

THREE COMPACT POCKET ROCKETS MAKING A MASSIVE NOISE

→ There's something decidedly British about the hot hatch. On the surface, they're small, relatively nondescript cars you can take to the supermarket and which will fit in seamlessly without causing a fuss. But under the skin lies a smouldering cauldron of suppressed freedom and pent-up anger just screaming to get out.

Traditionally associated with callow youths in suburban car parks, the unnecessarily fast hatchback genre has begun to shed its teenage acne and has matured into something a little more refined, with manufacturers across the board looking to create the perfect union of practicality and performance.

And in many ways, the hot hatch is the ultimate performance car — speedy in a realistic way, useful when it needs to be, and nearly always fun to drive. Here's three of the best new models.



ENGINE 2.0-litre, four-cylinder
POWER 247bhp
0-62MPH 6.5secs
TOP SPEED 148mph
PRICE £22,200

01

THE ALL-ROUNDER

FOCUS ST-1

Ford has plenty of previous in the sporty stakes and its latest offering has pretty much everything the hot hatch fan might be looking for. Styling is just the right side of aggro, including a widened grille, sculpted bonnet and twin exhausts. The hefty 2.0-litre, four-cylinder engine produces 247hp and accelerates from 0-60mph in 6.5secs, making it a match for almost anything you might come across on the way out of Sainsbury's. Handling is fun and direct, the cabin is just what you'd want with Recaro seats and metal pedals, and the all-round feeling is of a car that enjoys being driven on the limit. And all for the starting price of just £22,200. Hell, it even has a sound modifier to deliver a more growly engine note. Clincher.

WORDS BY WILL HERSEY



ENGINE 2.5-litre, 5-cyclinder turbo
POWER 362bhp
0-62MPH 4.2secs
TOP SPEED 174mph
PRICE £40,000

02

THE BEAST

AUDI RS3 SPORTBACK

Like an assassin trying to get through airport security, the new Audi RS3's (relatively) subtle appearance doesn't reveal anything of its true nature. With a staggering 362bhp, 174mph top speed, lightning-fast S tronic dual-clutch gearbox and a 0-62 time just a blink over 4secs, this car threatens to rival the VW Golf R as king of the hot hatches. If some hatches are hot, this one has smoke coming off the bodywork — in a very good way.



ENGINE 2.0-litre turbo
POWER 228bhp
0-62MPH 6.3secs
TOP SPEED 152mph
PRICE £23,000

03

THE MICRO MACHINE

MINI JOHN COOPER WORKS

Just who the hell is John Cooper Works? It's the name of Mini's tuning division, whose job it is — in short — to find new and innovative ways of making the British-built hatchback behave in a generally lairier fashion. And they've been busy, too, ensuring this new model is the fastest production Mini ever to leave the factory. In comes an extra 39bhp for the 2.0-litre turbo powerplant, propelling the car to 60mph in just 6.1secs. Outside, there's a trademark JCW roof spoiler, chrome tail-pipe, a bubbly series of front grilles, plus more skirts and trims than a sewing bee.







DIALLING IT UP

JOIN US AT SEVEN DIALS AND ST MARTIN'S COURTYARD FOR AN EXCLUSIVE SHOPPING EVENT

12–5PM SATURDAY 9 MAY 2015

20% OFF

You don't need us to tell you that when it comes to shopping, London has it all, so much, in fact, that the sheer scale of the city and what it offers can be daunting. If only there was one place, centrally located, that offered the perfect range of well-known and independent fashion brands. Even better if it could also offer fine men's grooming options, brilliant lifestyle stores, cool cafés, an excellent array of dining options, possibly even somewhere for a relaxing — or invigorating — post-shopping drink or two?

Happily, there is. Seven Dials and nearby St Martin's Courtyard offer all this and more, in the very heart of London's West End. And we're inviting you to join us there at a special event. ➤









1 Wool jumper, £90, by Barbour. Cotton shirt, £85, by Carhartt. Denim jeans, £100, by Lee. Sneakers, £45, by Superga. Foldable helmet, £100, and backpack (partially obscured) £265, both by Brooks, at B1866 **2** Linen jacket, £175; linen trousers, £80, both by Cos. Cotton T-shirt, £30, by Finisterre. Leather travel wallet, £60, by Peter Werth **3** Viscose-mix bomber jacket, £200, by Peter Werth. Cotton polo shirt, £55, by Diesel. Cotton chinos, £75, by Franklin & Marshall. Leather brogues, £85, by Peter Werth **4** Cotton sweatshirt, £80, by G-Star. Cotton shirt, £120, by Foxhall. Acetate sunglasses, £155, by Carhartt **5** Cotton chinos, £60, by Farah Vintage. Cotton socks, £8, by Happy Socks. Trainers, £80, by Le Coq Sportif. Leather backpack, £245, by Brooks, at B1866 **6** Linen jacket, £175; and linen trousers, £80, both by Cos. Cotton T-shirt, £30, by Finisterre. Sneakers, £45, by Superga. Eyewear, £98, by Bailey Nelson. Leather travel wallet, £60, by Peter Werth.

A USER'S GUIDE

➤ From American superstar **Carhartt** to leading British heritage brand **Barbour**, Seven Dials and St Martin's Courtyard offer everything a man needs to dress well. Step into contemporary menswear outfitters **Fred Perry** and **Peter Werth** for a sharp take on British style, while just a little further along Earlham Street, **Le Coq Sportif**, brings Gallic chic to modern sportswear. But there is more than just established favourites, here. Flying the flag for fresh talent, **Franklin & Marshall**'s trademark Italian-meets-West Coast look has proved an instant hit, joining Spanish brand **El Ganso** in fresh cross-cultural fashion. And because there's always room for quality denim in every man's wardrobe, the area delivers on this, too — **Diesel**, **Lee** and **G-Star** are all here.





But as any man worth his style credentials knows, the devil is in the detail — such as the perfect timepiece, which can be found at **Larsson & Jennings** on Monmouth Street. Nearby, acclaimed barbershop **Murdock** offers top grade grooming. Sip a beer or a whisky while they get to work, or head to **The**

THE ESQUIRE SELECTION

So many shops to visit, so many trends to channel — we make it easy for you with our pick of the finest



1 Kiehl's Facial Fuel, £21

2 Leather boat shoes, £90, by Jack Wills





3 Leather/canvas rucksack, £165, by Brooks, at B1866

4 Brady waterproof jacket, £70, by Element





5 Shampoo, £18, by Murdock



4




5



6

Crown pub to show off your new look over a well-earned pint. If a rejuvenating hot brew is more your thing, **Department of Coffee and Social Affairs** in St Martin's Courtyard is the perfect place for a finely crafted caffeinated pit-stop. Over in Neal's Yard, **Compagnie des Vins Surnaturels**, boasts a superb wine list to accompany its seriously good food. Just around the corner in Monmouth Street, you'll find **Kopapa**. Kiwi chef Peter Gordon's all-day café and restaurant was among the forerunners of the current foodie trend for small plates, while **Tredwell's** modern British spin on the same — expertly led by chef Marcus Wareing — has proved a hit since opening on Upper St Martin's Lane last year. For something a little more playful, head to **Earlham Street Clubhouse**. This underground gem channels the spirit of a Nineties East Coast beach club with New York-style pizzas and inspired cocktails that are an ode to the decade it celebrates (Sonic the Hedgehog shot, anyone?). Or wander back over to Neal's Yard where **Homeslice** does exactly what it says on the signage: great wood-fired pizza just like mama used to make (if your mama was from Southern Italy), available by the slice or whole. *Grazie!*





6 Cotton chinos, £110, by Foxhall



7 Cotton shirt, £85, by Carhartt



8 Ancher watch, £145, by Skagen at The Watch Hut

Esquire

SHOPPING EVENT

GET 20% OFF, PLUS COMPETITIONS AND GIVEAWAYS

Come to Seven Dials and St Martin's Courtyard between **12-5pm on Saturday 9 May** to discover London's finest and most creative retail and lifestyle experiences. (With over 120 brands, restaurants and bars to choose from, our money's on you saying yes). Alongside live music on the traffic-free streets, local retailers will be pulling out the stops. Look out for **in-store DJs** and **free drinks** at shops including Peter Werth, Le Coq Sportif and Franklin & Marshall, while *Esquire* will be on hand with **trend talks** and **style advice**. Visit Murdock for **complimentary beard and moustache trims**. Enjoy a **liqueur coffee** on the house at Department of Coffee and Social Affairs, or **wine tasting** at Dalla Terra. All this and **20% shopping discounts**. ***For a full list of participants and to register for a free ticket, visit sevendials.co.uk or stmartinscourtyard.co.uk***

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SEVEN DIALS LONDON

St Martin's Courtyard Covent Garden

TYPE FACE

PERSOL'S TYPEWRITER-INSPIRED GLASSES LEAD ESQUIRE'S PICK OF THIS MONTH'S NEW FASHION

1 PERSOL TYPEWRITER EDITION

The visual keys to your eyewear upgrade



Persol Typewriter Edition Collection, £260, left; £255, below. Available at davidclulow.com

One of the leading names in eyewear, Persol has produced some impressive frames in recent seasons. Continuing its fine work, for 2015 the brand launches its Typewriter Edition Collection, paying homage to the handsome lines and curves of the outmoded writing device. Consisting of two styles (both available as spectacles and sunglasses), the new range may be retro-inspired, but it's full of all the technological advances you'd expect from Steve McQueen's favourite eyewear brand: polarised lenses (should you want them), super-light 1.8mm thick frames and Meflecto cylinders built into each stem to ensure maximum flexibility.



Blue mohair three-piece suit, £510; white cotton shirt, £70; red silk tie, £40 austinreed.co.uk

2 RED AUSTIN REED

Veteran label cuts it fresh for spring

It's over a century since Austin Leonard Reed founded his store on London's Fenchurch Street, selling ready-to-wear pieces in made-to-measure quality. Today, AR Red is its premium collection and, for S/S '15, the suits are in superfine Italian wool and other premium fabrics, with slim and sharp silhouettes. Our pick is this blue mohair three-piece.

3 PAUL & SHARK

Knit bomber's a hit

Italian label Paul & Shark, best known for its technical apparel and futuristic fabrics, has been making premium sportswear with a yachting bent since 1921. Its Smart Casual collection for Spring/Summer '15 is understated and wearable, and our pick of the new range is this blue bomber jacket. It's all about texture this season, and the cable-knit sweatshirt sleeves contrast perfectly with its light body.



Paul & Shark navy nylon/cotton/wool bomber jacket, £355. Available at harrods.com

4 JONES BOOTMAKER

Love your loafers



Oxblood leather penny loafers, £100 jonesbootmaker.com

Jones Bootmaker's menswear collections have caught *Esquire*'s eye. Offering a range of chunky boat shoes, sleek desert boots, sturdy chukkas, smart double monk-straps and simple trainers — you're bound to find something well crafted at an affordable price. As the weather warms, however, you'll need to step up your loafer game, and these oxblood pennys are as well-made as you'll find anywhere.

HEARST STUDIOS

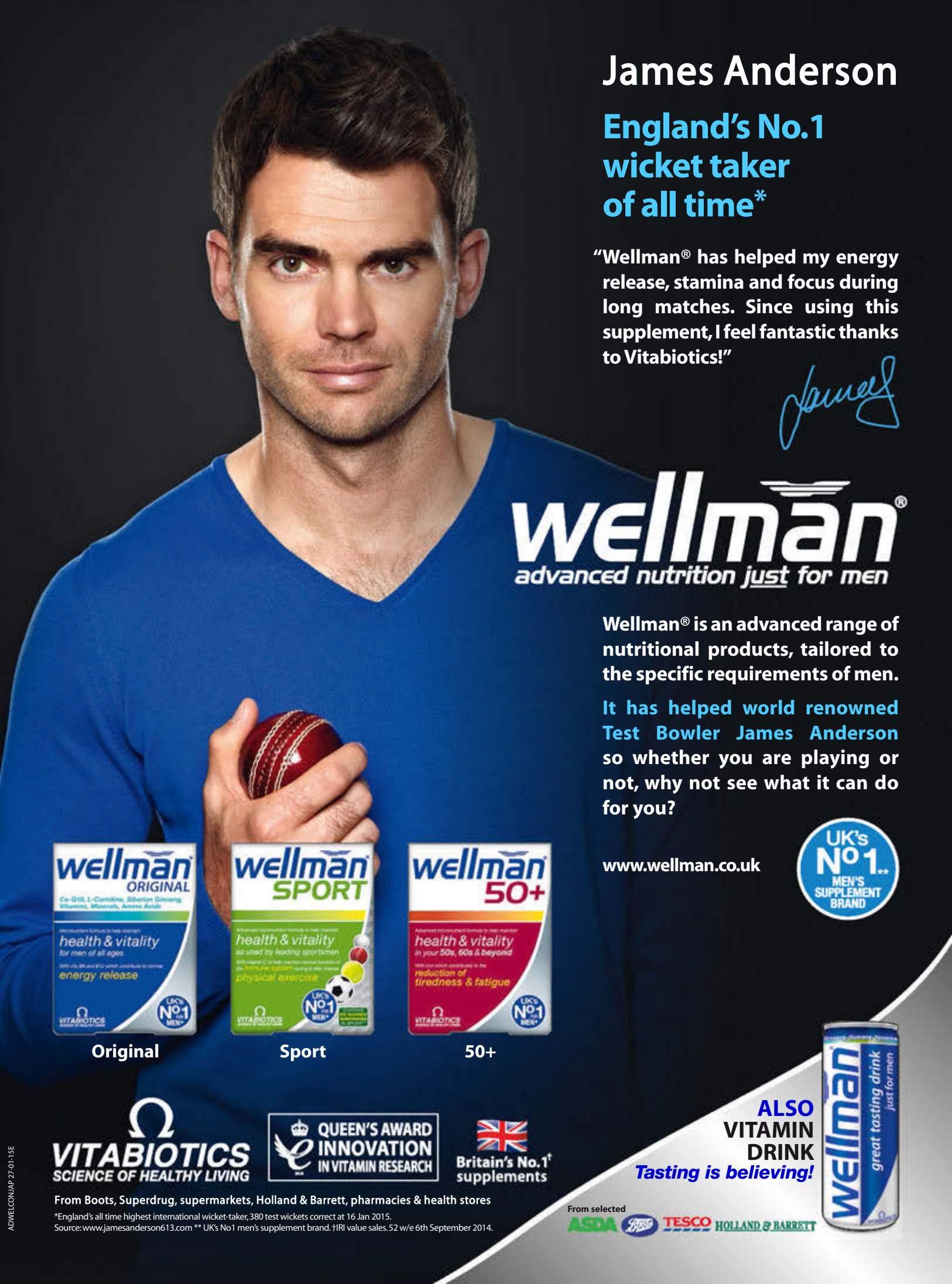


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Source: www.jamesanderson613.com ** UK's No1 men's supplement brand. †IRI value sales. 52 w/e 6th September 2014.

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CULTURE



REX

DEAD RUBBER

Remember when politicians were larger than life figures of fun instead of bland, conformist middle managers? Remember when political satire was funny? As 7 May approaches, a new show celebrates the era of Spitting Image, when Westminster was a gallery of grotesques and puppets ruled the nation

Spitting: Photographs by Andrew Bruce and Anna Fox, 22 April to 8 May, James Hyman Gallery, London
jameshyman gallery.com



Back in the Eighties and early Nineties, *Spitting Image* was the TV satire to puncture the most inflated egos, be they of nobility, politician, pop star. If you watched it at the time, you'll probably have found it hard to forget the saliva-spewing Roy Hattersley, or Maggie Thatcher snogging Ronald Reagan (no matter how hard you tried). But after 18 series, the show fell out of favour and was cancelled in 1996; a few years later, the puppets were auctioned off at Sotheby's. Among the punters keen to put a hand up John Major's rubbery backside was gallerist James Hyman, who has bought several of the puppets and will exhibit new photographs of them taken by Anna Fox and James Bruce at his Savile Row gallery this month. The puppets have clearly been gathering dust, and time has knocked some of the stuffing out of them, but given the figures they represent — Douglas Hurd, Michael Heseltine, Normans Tebbit and Lamont (yes, it's a Tory-heavy lineup) — it actually suits them rather well.





DEAD SPITS: Clockwise, remains of the show's stars in a political puppet pile-up; former Chancellor of the Exchequer Norman Lamont; former PM John "it's not easy being grey" Major and deliberately dull Kermit-a-like

WHADDYAMEAN WE HAVE TO ROOT FOR THE LAWYER?!

Daredevil has joined Arrow and Flash as the latest superhero to step up to the challenge of the small screen. Just don't ask what he's charging



While the comic book big boys continue to swoop into the multiplexes (Avengers: Age of Ultron is out on 23 April), a number of more minor characters (though we wouldn't say that to their faces) from the DC and Marvel Universes are faring-quite-nicely-thank-you over on the telly. Arrow and The Flash are doing their thing on Skyl, and this month they'll be joined by Daredevil, who gets his own 13-part series over on Netflix. If you're rusty on your superhero USPs, Daredevil's is the superhuman sensory perception he gained from a car crash in which some radioactive goop seeped into his peepers and left him blind (so yeah, sight's not really his strong suit).

But it gets worse for him. By night, Daredevil is a Lycra-loving, butt-kicking, crime-correcting ninja, but by day he's a lawyer – in the opening episode we see him setting up shop in Hell's Kitchen, New York, which just so happens to be the focus of a nefarious business plan by his soon-to-be arch-nemesis Wilson Fisk aka Kingpin, played by Vincent D'Onofrio. Luckily, British actor Charlie Cox landed the lead role and has just the right amount of youthful vulnerability and charm that you almost find yourself willing Daredevil to succeed, despite his dastardly day job. Almost.

All 13 episodes of Marvel's Daredevil will be available on 10 April on Netflix



ANDREW BRUCE AND ANNA FOX COURTESY JAMES HYMAN PHOTOGRAPHY LONDON

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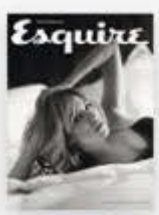
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KEANU BEGINNINGS

With new action thriller John Wick out this month, is Keanu Reeves, like, totally making a comeback?



There are certain actors whose fall from popularity makes us feel, in our weaker moral moments, just a little bit of schadenfreude. Maybe we feel, in our dark hearts, that they were a little bit too pleased with themselves, got ideas above their station, and have been rightly cut down to size. Keanu Reeves, however, is not one of those actors. His career has been seemingly drifting for more than a decade — the last part of the *Matrix* trilogy came out in 2003, and even some of the bigger movies he's had since then, such as *Constantine* (2005) or *47 Ronin* (2013), have met with a critical shrug at best.

But did we feel happy about it? No we did not. Keanu Reeves has always seemed like something of a guileless type — handsome, hardworking, and maybe a bit ill-advised in trying to reposition himself as someone arty and indie, when all we really want him to be is Theodore "Ted" Logan. Forever. Which makes his new film, *John Wick*, something of a masterstroke.

John Wick is not, by any conventional standards, a great film. It is an action-thriller with the flimsiest of premises: John Wick lives in a swish pad, drives a kick-ass Ford Mustang, and his wife has just died. Before she went, she arranged for a puppy to be delivered to her husband, to give him something to cuddle beneath his high-thread-count sheets. But then Wick runs into some Russian gangsters at a petrol station, led by a bewhiskered Alfie Allen, who likes his Mustang and, when Wick won't sell it, comes after him. And his dog. It turns out John Wick is not the kind of guy who appreciates people messing with his dog.

> All we really want Keanu Reeves to be is Theodore "Ted" Logan. Forever.



Luckily, this whole backstory malarkey takes a mere half an hour, and then we're plunged into a series of tightly choreographed, ultra-violent fight scenes, in which Wick takes down umpteen million Russian hoods in a game of mildly xenophobic whack-a-mole. The lines are kept to a minimum — frequently just Wick repeating the line spoken by an adversary, but in a more knowing way.

To give some idea of the calibre of the dialogue, two of the biggest laughs come from characters saying the word "Oh". There are some genuinely fun ideas in this movie: John Wick, it turns out, was in a former life a best-of-the-best assassin and as such has all kinds of useful contacts in the field, from accommodating hotel concierges and mechanics to a gang of grim-faced professional cleaners who pop by after his first round of Russocide.

And isn't this what we secretly want from a Keanu Reeves movie? Slick action sequences, minimal chat, and a lead actor who looks great in black (and, actually, Reeves looks great in general — and he's 50 for chrissakes). Also, a movie that is at least a little wise to its own ridiculousness: at one point, the Russian mob boss — Michael Nyqvist making no attempt to disguise his Swedish accent — speaks in hushed awe about John Wick having killed three adversaries with nothing but a pencil. (Straight into the jugular, in case you're ever in the same predicament.) *John Wick* is silly, it's overblown, and, were it not for the likely prohibitive age rating, would probably be a hit with 13-year-old boys nationwide. And, actually, until the third *Bill & Ted* movie materialises — and yes, there's still hope — *John Wick* may well refresh Reeves' career, like a cool breeze over the mountains.

—

John Wick is out on 10 April



"You'll be OK, Keanu: act out the scripted gags and don't forget your lunchbox"





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HOW TO NAIL* THE DIFFICULT SECOND ALBUM

by Django Django

After their self-titled — and Mercury-nominated — debut album of 2012, British band Django Django return this month with new album *Born Under Saturn*. Drummer and producer Dave Maclean offers hard-won advice on defeating the sophomore slump.

1. Keep your bandmates close

Me and Vinny [Vincent Neff, singer and guitarist] wrote the first album together. We did hit a few problems — songs with a breakdown where a chorus should be because we couldn't think of one. This time, we kept tackling problems until we broke through. If it took us four days of thinking, that's what it took.

2. Buy a farm (or rent one anyway)

We recorded *Born Under Saturn* at Angelic [a residential recording studio] in Banbury. We were there for a couple of months on and off and would come back to London with a load of recordings and I'd put them on my computer and mess around — basically the same way as the first album. It's so easy to get sidetracked, but when you're up at that farm, you're in the middle of nowhere and you know you're there to work.

3. Go big or go home

There wasn't any point in coming back and making something completely different, totally weird or totally new. It was more about building on what was good in the first album. *Django Django* was recorded in a bedroom but for this album we could get the sound of the big room. It's what we like about Beach Boys' and Rolling Stones' recordings, so we thought, "Why not?"

4. Tour wisely but not too well

There's definitely not much glamour in touring, unless you're a band like Radiohead and can have private chefs and ping pong tables. It's a battle of wills, really — don't drink too much, try to be healthy, don't sleep all day.

5. Keep your eyes on the road

When you tour America you can travel for hours and see McDonald's, Wendy's and KFC signs on a loop, but things can come out of that. Somewhere like Detroit might be a hellhole for one person, but the most inspiring place ever for another and allow them to come up with an amazing techno record. You have to find inspiration in places.

6. Remember: small is beautiful

There were plenty of shows when we first started touring where the crowd was just one man and his dog. But they often turned out to be the most enjoyable because you could have a laugh, try new things on stage, and if the crowd was fun, go out and get drunk with them after. We played to 60,000 people in Japan, which was great, but you don't get quite the same buzz as playing The Wardrobe in Leeds.

7. Shut out the noise

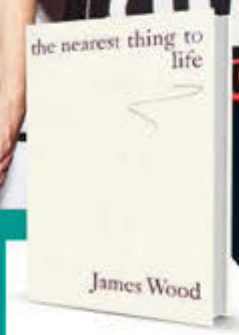
What will people make of *Born Under Saturn*? I guess the proof will be when it comes out. I'm still completely in the dark as to what we've done — but it was like that making the first album. We thought, "Right, we might put this out and no one will care." But there's no point in worrying. I was just overjoyed to be back in the studio.

—

Born Under Saturn by Django Django is out on 4 May (Because Music)



*Our verdict, not theirs



The Nearest Thing to Life by James Wood (Jonathan Cape) is out on 16 April

REMEMBER HOW YOU DON'T LIKE FICTION?

Here's a (non-fiction) book to show you why you're wrong

The Nearest Thing to Life by the British critic James Wood is a slip of a thing. Barely more than 100 pages, it purports to be a memoir by the celebrated critic, who is a staff writer at The New Yorker and a professor at Harvard, but within a few paragraphs the literature starts to creep in. First Dostoevsky (or depending on your views about its fictional status, The Bible), then Cervantes, DH Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Muriel Spark and before you know it his memories of growing up in a godly household in Durham with his zoologist father and teacher mother are heavy with writers and characters that make them resonate with a poignancy and richness of meaning that, on their own, they might not merit. And this, Wood argues, is what fiction does. It's a reflection of life, but it's also more than life – it's a way of defying the parameters of our experience and the finality of our pedestrian endings. Wood's greatest achievement in this collection of essays is to make you want to put it down and instead pick up the books he's describing, be it Leo Tolstoy's War and Peace or Thomas Bernhard's The Loser. In The Nearest Thing to Life, Wood nobly sacrifices his own.

FIONA GARDEN | DJANGO DJANGO INTERVIEW BY CHARLIE TEASDALE







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THE AGE-APPROPRIATE

FESTIVAL GUIDE

There's nothing worse than turning up at a festival with your all-terrain tent, well-stocked hamper and ample thermal underwear and then discovering your fellow revellers have brought only wellies and hot pants to wear and bin-bags to sleep under (and that's just the guys). But on the other hand, there's also nothing worse than turning up at a festival with no intention of going to bed for the next three days and finding yourself surrounded by punters who've only come for the face paint and will need to turn in at 7pm (and that's just the parents). So here, to avoid any crossness over cross-purposes, are the events, home and abroad, that will suit you.

IF YOU'RE IN YOUR TEENS



Home: Field Day

This ultra-messy weekend happens in east London (duh) so if you're local you may only need to fork out for the bus fare, and the line-up includes trendoid types such as Mac DeMarco and Sophie. If muz and pops insist on chaperoning you, they might enjoy watching Patti Smith or some old dudes called Ride.
6-7 June, Hackney, London, fielddayfestivals.com

Away: Hideout Festival, Croatia

Have you ever had fun on a boat party? Thought not, which is why this mega festival on the island of Pag in Croatia is strictly for the blissfully inexperienced. The line-up has an emphasis on the electronic and the noisy – Gorgon City and Duke Dumont are among headliners – and the festival runs all night, from 10pm to 6am, at which point you can wind down with a nice relaxing bungee-jump.
28 June-2 July, Pag, Croatia, hideoutfestival.com

IF YOU'RE IN YOUR TWENTIES

Home: Wilderness

If you go down to the woods today, you'll probably find an experimental theatre troupe in antlers and plus fours beckoning you into the undergrowth. Wilderness is a festival that is as much about the trimmings as the main event – though this year they've scored a biggie in Björk – and is also our top pick for the gastronomically inclined, with Angela Hartnett, Moro and Nuno Mendes all providing scran.
6-9 August, Oxfordshire, wildernessfestival.com

Away: Primavera Sound, Barcelona

This festival is a behemoth so you'll need some youthful vigour left in you to do it justice, though the line-up skews to a slightly older, more muso crowd. The Black Keys, The Strokes and Antony and the Johnsons all figure, as do your younger, hipper offerings such as Jungle and Ibeyi. Also, it's right in the city, so you'll need to stay in a hotel instead of a tent (woo!).
28-30 May, Barcelona, Spain, primaverasound.es

IF YOU'RE IN YOUR THIRTIES

Home: End of the Road

You'll see a fair few Mini Boden earplugs at this friendly festival on the Hampshire/Dorset borders, but also a discerning line-up including Sufjan Stevens, Django Django and The War on Drugs (don't do 'em, kids).
4-6 September, Dorset endoftheroadfestival.com

Away: Lollapalooza

Family area? Pah! Lollapalooza has Kidzapalooza, its own mini festival for the under-10s. Noted family men Jack White, Metallica and Kanye West are headlining for the grown-ups at the event started in 1991 by Jane's Addiction's Perry Farrell. 31 July-2 August, Chicago, lollapalooza.com





IF YOU'RE IN YOUR FORTIES

Home: Green Man

There's always been something pleasantly old mannish about Green Man – perhaps it's the dramatic valley setting which, in another time and place, could be the spot for a gentleman's walking holiday. Or perhaps it's the line-up that appeals to fellows somewhat seasoned, which this year includes St Vincent and Calexico. But probably it's the splendid range of Welsh ales and ciders. Ooh lovely.
20-23 August, Brecon Beacons, Wales, greenman.net

Away: Oya Festival, Norway

Should you find the musical diversions not to your liking at this festival in Tøyen Park, Oslo, which this year boasts Beck, Caribou, Belle & Sebastian and Father John Misty, you could always explore the University of Oslo Botanical Garden, the Munch Museum, and the Natural History Museum, home to the oldest known primate fossil, nicknamed "Ida". Well we never.
11-15 August, Oslo, Norway, oyafestivalen.com



GETTY



IF YOU'RE IN YOUR FIFTIES

Home: Wychwood Festival

The headliners on this year's line-up would seem to be quite firmly in an "acts of a certain age" category, given that they include UB40 (some of them, anyway), The Proclaimers (both) and Chesney Hawkes (the one and only). Basically, you can sing along to pretty much everything you hear – unless you can't remember the words, of course.
29-31 May, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, wychwoodfestival.com

Away: 49th Montreux Jazz Festival

The acts for this legendary Swiss festival hadn't been announced at the time of going to press, but in its 48 years to date it has hosted everyone from James Brown to Deep Purple. There are also smaller events such as the jazz club for a more classic atmosphere – with chairs! – and even jazz trains on which you could probably spread a blanket over your knees and enjoy a jazzy egg sandwich.
3-18 July, Montreux, Switzerland, montreuxjazz.com



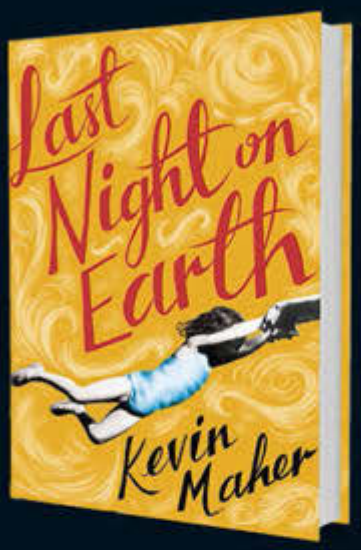
A SHAMELESS ENDORSEMENT OF A BOOK BY ONE OF OUR OWN:

Last Night on Earth by Kevin Maher

Having worked with *Esquire* contributing editor Kevin Maher for several years now, it was a surprise to approximately none of us when he wrote a dazzlingly brilliant debut novel, *The Fields*, in 2013. And it continues to amaze approximately no one here that this month's follow-up, *Last Night on Earth*, is as wonderful as the first.

Last Night on Earth is the story of Jay, an Irish lad making his way in London who writes wince-inducingly honest letters home to his mammy; it's the story of Jay and Shauna, whom he meets when he gets a job in TV, and also of Bonnie, whose traumatic birth causes her parents' relationship to fragment; and it's the story of Jay and The Clapper, the "helpful" friend from his past who turns up on Jay's doorstep with a quest to make things right.

Maher writes with an exuberance and inventiveness that makes his characters joyous things to behold — Bonnie narrating her own birth in the opening chapter is a staggering piece of writing in itself — and the novel is as delightful and challenging as it is heart-wrenching and honest. Which, to us, was approximately no news at all.



Out on 2 April (Little, Brown)



THAT KIWI VAMPIRE COMEDY WAS ACTUALLY REALLY FUNNY

We have to admit that we're among the many who didn't go and see *What We Do in the Shadows* when it came out last November. We probably opted instead for something more obviously worthwhile, like *Interstellar*, or *The Imitation Game* or *Nativity 3: Dude, Where's My Donkey*? But how wrong we were. This decidedly peculiar and charming New Zealand comedy — written, directed and starring Taika Waititi and *Flight of the Conchords*' Jemaine Clement — was a worthy competitor. The mockumentary follows four vampires sharing a flat in a suburb of Wellington, who are trying to adjust to urban 21st-century life. Each of them was "turned" in a different era and brings with him his own peccadilloes — from relatively fresh 18th century dandy Vlago (Waititi), a mere 317 years old, to 8,000-year-old Count-Orlok-alike Petyr (Ben Fransham), who on account of his age gets out of doing the dishes. With its quirky script and wonderfully deadpan performances it has all the makings of watched-until-memorised cult classic. Which it now can be, as it's out on home entertainment release this month.

What We Do in the Shadows is out to buy on DVD and Blu-Ray on 13 April



IN PRAISE OF FIRST-WORLD PROBLEMS

Losing one's hipness might not be a tragedy, but that doesn't mean it can't be the subject of a thought-provoking film

In the opening scene of director Noah Baumbach's new film, *While We're Young*, Josh and Cornelia, a fortysomething couple played by Ben Stiller and Naomi Watts, have a dilemma. In front of them is a crying baby, which must be soothed. They try to remember some nursery rhymes, the story of the three little pigs, but they can't recall the punch-line. You can tell immediately from their body language, and from the dissociative camera angles, that it isn't their kid. And also, this is Noah Baumbach we're dealing with. Director of *The Squid and the Whale* (2005) and *Margot at the Wedding* (2007). Peachy families aren't usually his thing.

Baumbach has a habit of giving pointers early in his movies as to his agenda. For Josh and Cornelia, as it soon becomes clear, are facing a problem that privileged, educated, affluent Westerners face: is growing up compulsory? The couple's strategy is to befriend some youngsters — a married couple, Jamie and Darby, played by Adam Driver and Amanda Seyfried, who live in a Brooklyn loft, watch VHS tapes and work on typewriters. Jamie and Darby seem to have everything that Josh and Cornelia don't — spontaneity, energy, and child-free friends.

Josh and Cornelia fall for Jamie and Darby, and fall hard. Such a premise enables all kinds of classic comedy set-ups: Cornelia attends a hip-hop dance class; Josh buys a hat. It wouldn't be hard to imagine Will Ferrell enacting something similar, but Baumbach has a deeper purpose. It turns out aspiring film-maker Jamie, may have an ulterior motive for befriending Josh — himself an established documentarian who's been struggling with his own tedious-sounding masterwork for eight years. But are these motives symptomatic of moral bankruptcy, or has Josh simply found himself staring into the generation gap?

While We're Young taps into something real, and troubling, about the skewed values that young people seem to espouse; but the problem is that they're only troubling if you're — you know — old.

It's a neat twist from Baumbach, a smart, wry film-maker, that puts his audience on the back foot: if you feel Josh's pain — and really, it's hard not to — that's because you're past it, too. Of course, these are the indulgent, luxurious problems of people without any real ones, but that doesn't stop this being a funny, shrewdly observed little movie that will cut you to the spiritual quick. *While We're Young* is out on 3 April



EIGHT ALBUMS YOU SHOULD CONSIDER BUYING THIS MONTH



Yes, we know it's a lot, but you won't regret it



1



Makes A King by The Very Best

Third album from Malawian-Swedish duo The Very Best is less dependent on electronic embellishments than its precedessors, perhaps a reflection of the fact it was recorded in a village on the shores of Lake Malawi. Vampire Weekend's Chris Baio – and some chirruping crickets – are among the contributors.

Out on 6 April (Moshi Moshi)

2



Constant Bop by Bop English

If you think Bop English is a ludicrous name, bingo. It's actually James Petralli of Texan band White Denim, who made this jauntily inventive rock'n'roll record over four years; when finished, he says, he had skin like "a cave dwelling salamander". We can assure him it was worth it.

Out on 13 April (Blood and Biscuits)

3



Colours of the Night by Peter Broderick

Broderick taped this album in Switzerland, recovering from a mystery illness after 2012's http://www.itstartshear.com. So far so Thomas Mann, but Broderick's story has a happier conclusion, with this wonderfully refreshing LP of experimental folk, do-wop and everything in between

Out on 27 April (Bella Union)

4



White Men are Black Men Too by Young Fathers

Edinburgh trio and last year's surprisingly sombre Mercury Music Prize winners Young Fathers are back with a sophomore studio album that's full of blistering invention and mesmerising menace. They've described it as "pop" and sure, why not, though it won't be pop as you thought you knew it.

Out on 6 April (Big Dada)

5



Ivy Tripp by Waxahatchee

Katie Crutchfield's Waxahatchee project is almost a musical equivalent of Lena Dunham's Girls: smart, creative musings on emerging from the muddle of youth. Partly recorded in an elementary school gym on her native Long Island, her third record has a lo-fi charm that can't disguise its subtlety and sophistication.

Out on 6 April (Wichita Recordings)

6

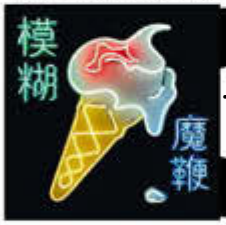


No Pier Pressure by Brian Wilson

The Beach Boys' Brian Wilson drafted in some younger collaborators for his 11th album, "to finally become hip with his kids" (Jeez, what's a guy have to do?). She & Him and Fun's Nate Ruess were among the recruits, alongside more familiar bandmates Al Jardine, David Marks and Blondie Chaplin.

Out on 6 April (Virgin EMI)

7



The Magic Whip by Blur

With the "outstanding contribution to music" Brit and reunion tour, it was easy to forget Blur are a going concern. So hurrah for their first album in 12 years with Britpop hits-era producer Stephen Street.

Out on 27 April (Parlophone)

8



Sound & Colour by Alabama Shakes

Their 2012 debut Boys & Girls made them a blues sensation; for the follow-up they've cut loose on other genres, though the rousing Brittany Howard is unmistakable.

Out on 20 April (Rough Trade)

A MAN HAS WRITTEN A BOOK ABOUT BRICKS

Esquire asks acclaimed graphic designer and author William Hall to explain himself

ESQUIRE: So, you're a big fan of bricks?

WILLIAM HALL: Yes, but clay not Lego, and the building material not the emerging economic hubs. But I'm a bigger fan of brick architecture. In that regard, I'm the biggest fan of bricks you'll find. I'm the Brick Man. The Brick Daddy. Papa Brick. Look, I haven't found a good name yet.

ESQ: Do you think they get a bad rap?

WH: Only in the sense of having almost no rap at all. There is no more ubiquitous — and yet no less celebrated — building material. Concrete at least has the distinction of being both loved and loathed.

ESQ: What can bricks do that other building materials cannot?

WH: Almost nothing in technical terms. But they can be clearly perceived in a way that other materials can't: everyone knows what a brick is. Given a bit of clay in the earth they can be made on site, too, which has given them an advantage over other materials throughout history. Bricks have been around for thousands of years, so it's not surprising that some exceptional works of architecture have been created.

ESQ: What is your favourite brick building ever made?

WH: The spectacular Grundtvig's Church in Copenhagen. Its foreboding façade and transcendental interior are full of architectural references yet manage to seem utterly unprecedented and unworldly.

ESQ: You've written a book on concrete previously. Have you got other building-material-related publications in the pipeline?

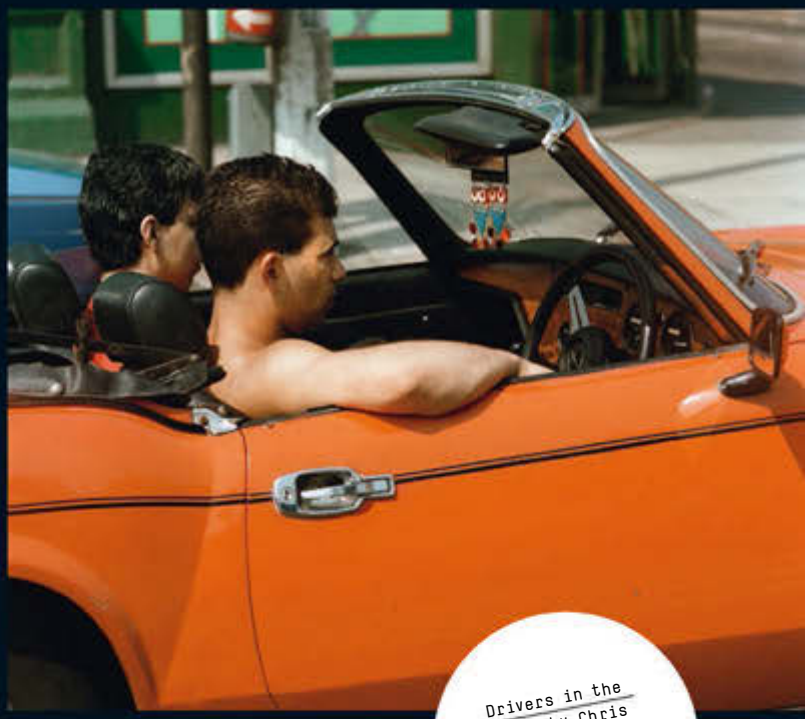
ESQ: I'm going to work my way backwards through the Three Little Pigs' houses. Brick is done, wood, then straw to follow. Seriously, brick is enough for now. I'm Don Brick, remember?

Brick by William Hall is out on 6 April (Phaidon)



The impressive Grundtvig's Church in Copenhagen. Yep, made of bricks





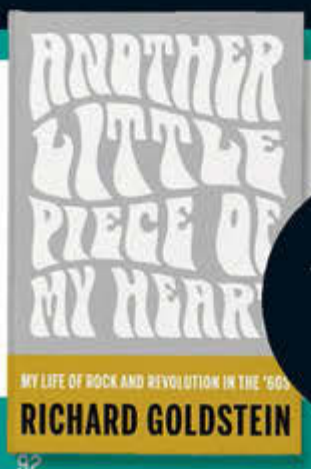
Drivers in the 1980s by Chris Dorley-Brown is out on 16 April (Hoxton Mini-Press)



NOT QUITE A JAGUAR

A new book of photos from the Eighties captures an era when cars had corners and seatbelts were for sissies

One May morning in 1987, budding photographer Chris Dorley-Brown set out to take some pictures of the hubbub surrounding the privatisation of Rolls-Royce, which was happening that day at the instigation of the Thatcher government. But his route was blocked by a humungous traffic jam that brought the capital to a standstill. So instead, Dorley-Brown walked from Hackney to the City, photographing the drivers stuck in their cars along the way. At the time, he might not have thought he had anything special, just the kind of thing you'd see around you every day, but fast-forward nearly 30 years and he had a nifty time capsule of driving in that particular decade: from the prevalence of Escorts, Cortinas and Maestros to the casual disregard for health and safety (yes to cigarettes, no to seatbelts). Dorley-Brown's images have been collected in a new book, out this month, should you wish to lose yourself in musing over those halcyon, diesel-fumed days.



Another Little Piece of My Heart by Richard Goldstein is out on 9 April (Bloomsbury)

HAZY MEMORY OF THE MONTH:

"When I think of that weekend, I flash on Brian running around the desert with his wife trying to corral him, shouting, 'Pick up your pants.' He was high; so was I."



ICYMI 2

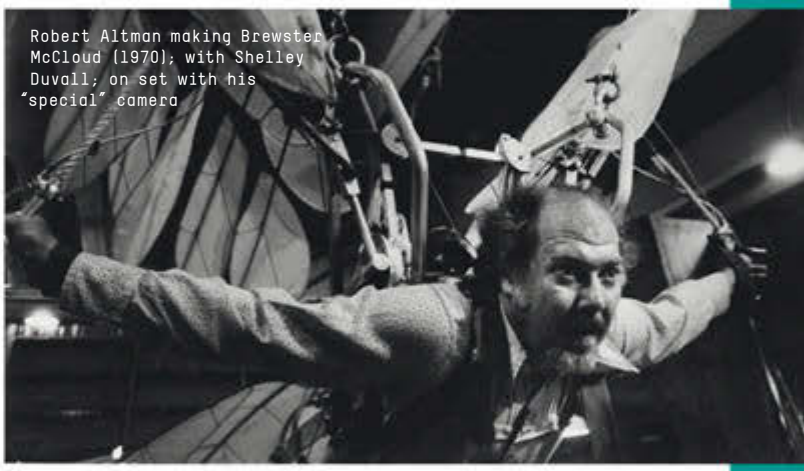
ROBERT ALTMAN WAS A BADASS

A new documentary celebrates the film-maker's maverick tendencies

While most of us hobble through life daydreaming of rebellion and sticking it to The Man, American director Robert Altman actually went ahead and did it. Practically once a week. As a new documentary narrated by his widow, Kathryn Reed Altman, reminds us, Altman collected P45s like an oologist collects whatever the hell he collects. He was fired, barred from studios, forbidden from finishing films, and faced career oblivion numerous times. But did that stop him? Hell no. He made a subversive comedy in the middle of the Vietnam War with *M*A*S*H* (1970), blurred the boundaries of documentary with a presidential candidate spoof in *Tanner '88*, he set the dogs on Hollywood with *The Player* (1992), and he upended the period drama in *Gosford Park* (2001). The film is an affectionate trip through his greatest hits, with slightly scripted-sounding soundbites from friends, colleagues and admirers including Robin Williams, Bruce Willis and Paul Thomas Anderson. When he died, in 2006, aged 81, Altman was scouting locations for what would have been his 40th film. An Altmanesque ending if ever there was one.

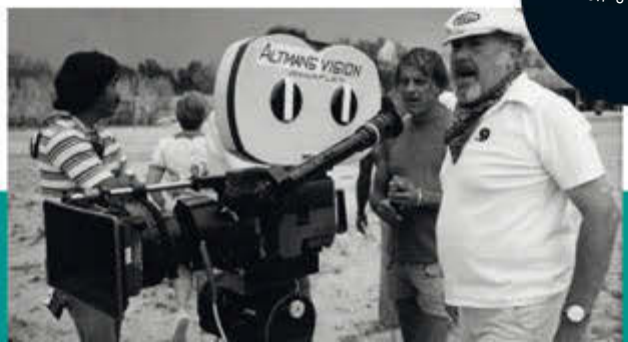


Red-light special (clockwise from top left): Ford Escort MK3 Van, Gracechurch Street, EC3; Triumph Spitfire; Leyland Sherpa; Honda 90 Moped; Ford D-Series Tipper, all Mare Street, E8



Robert Altman making Brewster McCloud (1970); with Shelley Duvall; on set with his "special" camera





Altman is out on 3 April

A work trip to Palm Springs with Brian Wilson (see album reviews this month) and The Beach Boys, as recalled – fuzzily – by Richard Goldstein, the world's very first rock critic (or not, depending on who you ask) in his new memoir Another Little Piece of My Heart. The book charts his transformation from a tubby, sexually-confused Jewish kid from the Bronx to a razor-tongued, silver-booted, reviewer-about-town, working for The Village Voice in New York and rubbing shoulders with Andy Warhol, John Lennon and Jimi Hendrix (though the latter encounter sounds somewhat less fun than Wilson and co: "Hendrix was stupefied, his shirt stained with what looked like caked puke").



"I have a reputation for being difficult. And I am. But I'm not unreasonable": Tom Hardy in Calgary, Canada, February 2015

The most exciting film actor of his generation had a privileged childhood, a troubled youth and an inebriated early career. Now 37, clean and sober, a father, married for the second time, Londoner Tom Hardy stands on the precipice of international fame. And he feels OK about it. On location in Calgary, Canada, the star of the long awaited Mad Max: Fury Road enjoys an afternoon of driving, talking, eating, more talking, shopping and, inevitably, coffee mug decoration

TOM HARDY IN THE REAL WORLD

OR, AN ORANGUTAN IN A CHINA SHOP

Interview by
MIRANDA COLLINGE

Photographs by
GREG WILLIAMS

"I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, HAVE YOU?"

Tom Hardy asks me, picking up a butter dish. No, I can honestly say I haven't either. We are standing in front of a wall of pallid clay shapes in Crock A Doodle, a paint-your-own-pottery place in a retail park in a suburb of the Canadian city of Calgary. There are plates and cups and platters and also piggy banks and rabbits and frogs. The 37-year-old British actor is staring intently at the shelves, pulling on his wispy beard, trying to make his mind up.

"Oh!" he says. He's spotted a mug on a lower shelf with a thick strongman's moustache. "Bronson!" he says; he means Charles Bronson, Britain's most notorious prisoner, whom he played in the 2009 movie directed by Nicolas Winding Refn. It was also the role that made it clear to the film world that here, at last, was a contender. You should totally do that, I say. "Totally, right?" he says.

We've come to Crock A Doodle because Hardy wants to paint a mug for his wife, the actress Charlotte Riley; she made them a matching pair a while ago but then smashed one in the sink, so he's scouting for a replacement. The place is empty today, apart from two teenage girls quietly working away on ceramic martini glasses with fine-liners.

"This is like a CIA meeting," Hardy says, as we take a seat at a low table with laminated placemats and a big pot of brushes, Hardy with the moustache mug, me with a box shaped like a bunny rabbit. "No one will ever know we were here." No one, that it is, except the two girls, who have spotted Hardy — he's a little conspicuous what with being foreign, male, and, oh, the world's most exciting movie star right now — and their eyes widen like the saucers on the shelf behind them.

A woman comes over from behind the counter. "Do you guys know what colours you want?" she asks. "I'd like to do the whole thing in butterscotch, and then black for the 'tache," Hardy tells her. "And a bit of buck naked as well, please. Get that in there. Can I also ask you for some coffee and cream? Just a little bit please? Whoa whoa whoa! What's tha.... Teal! Absolutely. That's fantastic."

And so we begin.

Calgary is Cowtown. It got the name when the Canadian Pacific Railway arrived in the 1880s, and it became the centre of Canada's cattle and meatpacking trade. Nestled at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow rivers, it has always been a useful spot, for the aboriginal First Nations peoples and then for the Europeans, when the Mounted Police set up an outpost here to protect the fur trade. The three wooden huts the Mounties built have been recreated on their original spot, in the shadow of the crystalline clump of skyscrapers emblazoned with the logos of oil companies that now looms out of Downtown. To the south-west of the city, the craggy jawline of the Rocky Mountains runs along the horizon.

From time to time, Calgary is also Actortown. A healthy wedge of tax incentives has attracted all kinds of notable film-makers to shoot movies in the western province of Alberta, from Clint Eastwood's *Unforgiven* (1992) to Ang Lee's *Brokeback Mountain* (2005). Christopher Nolan came here to shoot the snow sequences in 2010's *Inception* (if you can remember it without your brain melting, it's the dream-within-the-dream-within-the-dream), which Hardy acted in, playing the rakish colonial fraudster Eames.

Black mohair suit, £1,590; white cotton shirt, £320; black satin tie, £140; black leather shoes, £615, all by Prada. Georgia, the St Bernard-cross, belongs to one of Tom Hardy's friends

"I DON'T READ SCRIPTS. I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DOING SPLINTER CELL. I WAS LIKE, 'I WANT TO PLAY SOLDIERS'. BUT DICAPRIO SAID, 'JUST READ THE REVENANT, YOU IDIOT.' ALL RIGHT"

Now he's back in Calgary to shoot *The Revenant*, the new film from the Mexican director Alejandro González Iñárritu. Based on the semi-fictional book of the same name by Michael Punke, it tells the story of Hugh Glass, a 19th-century fur trapper who is savagely mauled by a grizzly bear, and then robbed and left for dead by the two men, John Fitzgerald and Jim Bridger, who are assigned to look after him. Glass survives against the odds, and sets out for revenge. Hardy plays the dastardly Fitzgerald, fellow British actor Will Poulter plays the impressionable Bridger and Leonardo DiCaprio plays Glass.

Hardy thinks it was probably DiCaprio who gave him the nod for *The Revenant*. The two worked together on *Inception* and became friends. "He's a tough kid actually, Leo," Hardy says. "Brilliant bloke, really supportive." That tends to be how he chooses what to do these days: a conversation with a friend, an email here and there.

This time it was a phone call. "I shamelessly don't read scripts," he says. "But Leo called me up and said, 'Dude, you have to check this out, I think it's a brilliant piece and Alejandro's a genius — will you read it?' I was supposed to be doing *Splinter Cell* [the film adaptation of Tom Clancy's hugely successful black ops novels/video games], so I was like, 'I'm going to jump out of helicopters, mate. I want to go and play soldiers!' and he said, 'Just read it, you idiot!' I was like 'Mmm, all right'."

So he read it at least?

"Half of it. Because Leo told me to do it. 'All right then, we'll meet this genius and we'll see,' I said. 'But until then I'll be sitting watching *Come Dine with Me* with the dog.' When I met Alejandro, it turned out he's fucking funny. Really lovely. Inspiring. Potty."

And so here he is.

Since September last year, Hardy has been living in a house in a suburb of Calgary with his actor friend Paul Anderson, who has a small part in *The Revenant* and whom Hardy calls Panda; Jacob Tomuri, also an actor who in this instance is working as Hardy's stunt double; and Hardy's assistant, Natalie Hicks, whom he calls Nat. And not forgetting a St Bernard-cross called Georgia, whom Hardy has borrowed from





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a friend who runs an animal shelter. His wife Charlotte, whom he calls Charlie Monkey, isn't here. "She's in London doing Monkey business," he says. "Fucking right."

It's been a long shoot because Iñárritu is using only natural light, and had been filming the story chronologically until the warm, dry Chinook winds pushed the temperature up unexpectedly when they were supposed to be filming winter scenes. They've since been bringing in snow on trucks. The film is due to be finished in May. "However, he's now just won all those Oscars," says Hardy, "so maybe we'll be here forever."

The night before we meet, the 87th Academy Awards took place in Los Angeles, and Iñárritu picked up four statuettes including Best Director and Best Picture for his movie, *Birdman*. Hardy, 12 years a teetotaler, watched on TV and toasted his boss's success with a crate of mineral water. He did, however, get dolled up for the occasion: he shows me a picture on his phone in which he's modelling a fetching black-and-white mini dress and red lipstick, while Anderson sports a peculiar leather trouser suit. The stunt man was less keen. "Jacob 'Fearless' Tomuri showed fear in the face of wearing a nice little number," says Hardy, with a sigh. "I got him one anyway, but he wouldn't get in it."

We're sitting in Hardy's truck, a monstrous silver Ford that he shares with his housemates. Wedged in the dashboard is a biography of Lt Col Blair "Paddy" Mayne, one of the founding members of the SAS; a friend recommended it to Hardy, who has a keen interest in the military and lots of soldier friends (including one he mentions with a nickname so eyebrow-raising he asks me not to put it in print). On the back seat is a shearling jacket and what looks like a sleeping bag. The trunk is covered in a tarpaulin; the housemates have a running gag in which they ask someone to fetch something from it, then push them in. Recently, they did it to a Warner Bros exec. "Nobody's sacred, mate! Hur hur!" laughs Hardy. "To be fair, we didn't give him the full shove: he was an officer. But we indicated that we might."

The truck is my first sighting of Hardy, when he comes to pick me up from my hotel. It is clearly the de rigueur mode of transport in these parts: at least 100 drive by before he arrives (his time keeping, he admits, is not the best). Hardy himself, behind the tinted windows, also blends in seamlessly with the native Calgarians, in a sensible green fleece and jeans, a baseball cap and wraparound shades. He sucks sporadically on an e-cigarette; he's not trying to give up smoking, just changing it up. He's ruggedly handsome, not crazily tall at 5ft 9in, and not as bulky as he has been for certain roles that have made him famous. In *The Revenant*, Fitzgerald and his fellow fur trappers survive on rabbits and buffalo jerky, so Iñárritu would like Hardy to lose a little more weight, he says later (sadly, Hardy was tucking into a hamburger at the time).

HARDY IS ONE OF THOSE ACTORS WHO HAS IT IN HIS BONES. HE'S INSTINCTUAL, PRIMAL, WITH A BRUTISH PHYSICALITY — BRANDO COMPARISONS ARE FREQUENT

ROGUE'S GALLERY:

01. *Pfc John Janovec in Band of Brothers (2001)*

02. *Shinzon in Star Trek: Nemesis (2002)*

03. *Charles Bronson in Bronson (2008)*

04. *Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights (2008)*

05. *Eames in Inception (2010)*

06. *Ricki Tarr in Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy (2011)*

07. *Forrest Bondurant in Lawless (2012)*

08. *Bane in The Dark Knight Rises (2012)*

09. *Leo Demidov in Child 44 (2015)*

10. *Max Rockatansky in Mad Max: Fury Road (2015)*

The plan for our interview had not been to paint pots, but to shoot guns. This, on the face of it, seemed like a much more Tom Hardy thing to do. As an actor, Hardy has wielded more weaponry than most — he's played tough guys (fighter Tommy Conlon in 2010 Mixed-Martial-Arts movie *Warrior*), criminals (bootlegger Forrest Bondurant in 2012's *Lawless*), maniacs (Heathcliffe in a 2009 TV mini-series of *Wuthering Heights*; his future wife Charlotte played Cathy) and criminal maniacs (most notably, psychotic mouth-breather Bane in Christopher Nolan's *The Dark Knight Rises* from 2012). He's clearly drawn to roles that come with a sprinkle of menace.

The gallery section of the website for our proposed destination, the Calgary Shooting Centre, has a page called "Celebrity Sightings" that features only pictures of Hardy and pals brandishing a variety of firearms. It's a slightly unnerving setting for an interview with an actor who has a reputation for unpredictability — more than one journalist has noted a funny turn in the atmosphere when the wrong question has come up, and there's still a dispute over whether or not an uncomfortable appearance on *The Jonathan Ross Show* in 2012 was a prank or if he was genuinely offended (Ross unearthed footage of him winning a modelling competition on *The Big Breakfast* in 1998). Adding to my consternation, the local news that morning was running a story of an accident at a Calgary shooting range that ended with the not-entirely-reassuring line, "The young man is expected to survive."

But then it turns out Hardy isn't that bothered about shooting. He could talk me through some weapons, he says, jabbing at his unruly satnav, but actually there's this other thing we could do. "Guns are very loud. And you don't have anything to show for it apart from holes in a bit of paper. And it's like, 'Why did you do that?'" he says, inhaling deeply on his e-cigarette. "We're going somewhere else. Somewhere wonderful. And we'll have something to show for it at the end of the day. Shooting range: too obvious, innit."

And so we find ourselves on our secret, CIA-style assignation.

In many ways, Tom Hardy shouldn't be here. Not just in a paint-your-own-pottery joint, but in the movies. Or perhaps even on the planet. The only child of Edward "Chips" Hardy, an advertising executive, and Anne Hardy, an artist, he was born in 1977 in East Sheen, an affluent suburb of southwest London. His parents sent him to public schools, but he was a restless, disaffected kid and didn't get on too well. Soon things started to spiral.

"I was responding in the way that any teenager would who's had enough. I was responding to geography by saying, 'Fuck it, I'll go out and smoke. Who's going to stop me?" Aged 15, he and a friend were caught driving a stolen Mercedes-Benz. They also

REX | ALL STAR





"I would rather be able to be with my dogs and walk down the street, and people know me and say hello": Tom Hardy dog-walking during downtime from shooting The Revenant in Calgary, Canada, February 2015

had a gun. "The police would come, people would beat me up, but it never killed me, so I was like, 'All right then, what else you got?'"

He was encouraged to act by his GCSE drama teacher, who saw something in him. It sounds like one of those feel-good, *Oh Captain! My Captain!* stories. "Yeah, but in this case it's not like *Billy Elliot* or anything because I went to a nice school and I was given loads of fucking lifelines. What a fucking arse I must have been to my poor parents. 'Oh, go on Tom, just take *one*...' At the same time as accepting that I had a really good home environment, I went balls-out to fuck that up. I was committed."

On his second attempt, he got into the Drama Centre in London (alumni include Pierce Brosnan and Colin Firth), and part way through landed his first professional gig: in the 2001 WWII mini-series *Band of Brothers*. He was somewhat out of his depth.

"When you go to drama school, you get a certain amount of camera classes but nothing really prepares you for, 'You'll now be working with Steven Spielberg's company and you've got to be on this mark.' And you go, 'What's a mark?'" His voice rises to falsetto as he tries to suppress a laugh: "What's a fucking mark? Though I didn't say that, I said, 'Yeah, course I'll be on my mark.' Till somebody said, 'You're not hitting your mark.' 'Course I am.' 'It's this thing on the floor.' 'Course it is.' You never admit you don't know something, do you? Not when you start out, that's a sign of weakness. Only that's what keeps you stupid. Make mistakes: that's when you fucking learn."

By that measure, Hardy did some serious learning as his acting career started to take off: while picking up roles in *Black Hawk Down* (2001) and *Star Trek: Nemesis* (2002), he was also becoming increasingly reliant on alcohol and drugs, from beer to crack and everything in between. He doesn't specify what it was that prompted him to get help, though there is speculation that the breakdown of his five-year marriage, to Sarah Ward, then a TV commercials producer, might have had something to do with it.

He also has a six-year-old son, Louis, with his ex-girlfriend Rachael Speed, a producer he met on TV period drama *The Virgin Queen*. "There were constantly things laid in ›

my path where it was, 'Tom, you've got to wake up because there are more important things to do.' I had to have words with myself about the realities of wanking about." He went to rehab in 2003.

But then in the ways that matter, Tom Hardy most certainly should be here. He's one of those actors who has it in his bones. He's instinctual, primal, with a brutish physicality — and yes, the Marlon Brando comparisons are frequent. He knows how to use his body — or as he calls it, "the real estate" — to fill a screen, to ensure that you keep your eyes on him at all times (or else). Whatever the hell "presence" is, you know that he's got it.

Perhaps this is because he's seen — and done — things in his real life that most other actors haven't. In another of his breakthrough roles, playing a homeless drug addict in the 2007 TV drama *Stuart: A Life Backwards*, he walks with an authentic junkie-shuffle that no amount of drama school workshopping's going to teach. Or perhaps it's that he's been canny with his choices. He's played a lot of bad guys, in part because there's a lot to explore — "I have to play with different graphic equalisers, not my own; but I have to tweak mine a bit" — but also because he knew it would get him noticed. "You try to make a noise, to get attention. 'I'm over here, I'm employable, please look. I'm quite good at this.'"

And now he's landed the big one. This month, Hardy appears in Soviet-era thriller *Child 44*, but after that he will star in the fourth instalment of George Miller's dystopian car-crash action movie series, *Mad Max*. This one will be subtitled *Fury Road*. It's the fourth film, but also a reboot, because Max Rockatansky, the law enforcement officer turned nihilistic nomad, will be played not by Mel Gibson, who portrayed him in the first three but got too old (not to mention toxic) in the 30 years it took this film to happen, but by a youngish British actor who has never led an action movie of any kind, let alone one with a budget conservatively estimated at $150m.

Warner Bros wasn't able to screen the film before *Esquire* went to press, but it's not hard to imagine what convinced George Miller to cast Hardy. Rockatansky is a character who says little — Hardy estimates

"GUNS ARE VERY LOUD. AND YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SHOW FOR IT APART FROM HOLES IN A BIT OF PAPER. AND IT'S LIKE, 'WHY DID YOU DO THAT?'"

he has between four and 20 lines in the whole of *Fury Road* — but still wrestles with the weightiest questions. At the end of the first film, which came out in 1979, Max's wife and child are killed. ("You always wonder, why doesn't he just top himself?" says Hardy.) But in this dusty, post-apocalyptic world where fuel and water are scarce and empathy even scarcer, Max is a character "who has humanity within him still, despite the hopelessness of his environment. He has no home and he has no hope, but he's reluctant to give in."

As for the pressure, Hardy says it's enormous. "I've never been more excited and out of my comfort zone." He's seen the film, and says it's "fucking unbelievable". He's attached to a further three *Mad Max* films, though as he says, "Everything's based on figures and how things are perceived. Inevitably it's a business."

The film itself has had a notoriously troubled genesis. Not only did it linger in development limbo for the best part of three decades, but just when shooting was finally about to begin in 2011 in Broken Hill, New South Wales, the location for much of the original trilogy, the rains came. The dusty desert turned into a meadow. The production was delayed by a year — which, happily for Hardy, meant he could do *The Dark Knight Rises* — and relocated to Swakopmund in Namibia, on the edge of the Namib Desert, where they would be based for six-and-a-half months.

"We were in the middle of nowhere," says Hardy, "so far away from the studio system that [Warner Bros] can't really see what's going on, and just getting things to and from the set was a nightmare. We'd lose half a vehicle in sand and have to dig it out. It was just this unit in the middle of x-million square-kilometres of desert, and then this group of lunatics in leathers, like a really weird S&M party, or a Hell's Angels convention. It was like Cirque du Soleil meets fucking Slipknot."

Right: Tom Hardy loading cartridges into a pistol magazine at the Calgary Shooting Centre, Canada, February 2015

Miller, who has described this film as "a Western on wheels", had essentially devised a two-hour-long car chase across the desert, of which as little as possible was to be rendered in CGI. Despite the extensive safety precautions there were, says Hardy, a lot of accidents. "Luckily nobody died."

There were reports of other kinds of problem, too. Between Hardy and Charlize Theron, playing a new character called Furiosa, who enlists Max's help to cross the desert. Both have since played down the gossip, but it's not the first time Hardy has been rumoured to have had some co-star beef: Shia LaBeouf (pun fully intended), who starred with him in *Lawless*, hinted to a journalist they had had a set-to, and that LaBeouf had triumphed ("He never did that roughhouse stuff with me again").

Hardy responded in another interview with a visceral description of the encounter: "He just attacked me... He was drinking moonshine. I was wearing a cardigan, and er, I went down... I was like, 'What was that?' It was lightning fast. And [my friend] said, 'That was Shia.'"

But then again there's no smoke, as Hardy is the first to admit. "I have a reputation for being difficult. And I am. I am actually. But I'm not unreasonable. It used to be that if somebody hurt me I'd lash out a bit, in order to get them to stop. It ultimately comes from fear. If I cause enough of a mess, then people will never ask me again to do something I don't want to do. But that sort of backfires after a while so you don't want to do that. You grow up."

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AMERICAN EAGLE
AMERICAN EAGLE



Illustrations by
Emiliano Ponzi

Man in the middle

Criticised, reviled, mocked, second-guessed, even attacked: football referees unite players, fans, managers and pundits in bafflement. Alex Moshakis talks to officials at all levels of the game and asks them the only question that matters: why do they do it?

On a windy Sunday morning last October, Alex Clubb, a biomedical science graduate and part-time referee, left his home in Charlton and cycled 35 minutes to Clapham Common, a vast, verdant area of parkland in southwest London. Clubb, 23, had been asked to referee an amateur football game on one of the Common's eight pitches and he'd jumped at the chance, partly because refereeing had recently become his main source of income but also because, for some reason not immediately clear to him, he gained satisfaction from it. When he arrived, he dropped his bike at the side of the pitch, changed into a grey training T-shirt and a pair of shorts (as if he were heading to a gym), and introduced himself to the captains of each team. He then spent 15 minutes alone, readying himself for the game, an introspective act of preparation that involved both a physical warm-up and a mental bracing. He knew that what was about to happen might not be pretty.

Clubb had been refereeing on and off for around two years, usually two games a month, but that Sunday represented a milestone. A couple of weeks later, he would enrol on a 48-hour course to become a fully fledged Football Association referee, which, assuming he passed, would provide him with the license to officiate at higher levels, maybe one day in the professional leagues. This was to be his final match without an FA qualification: the last time he would take charge of a game without having officially proven he knew all of its rules.

Clubb began like he always did: by calling each captain to the centre spot for a rehearsed conversation about respect, which he believes players should offer him, and each other, at all times. Refereeing is a lot to do with control, seen and unseen: of the game itself, of the players who play it and even the people on the sidelines such as the managers, substitutes and onlookers, of which today there were four. Clubb sees the pre-match chat as an opportunity to set the game's tone. He likes to let everyone know he's there, present and in charge. Nothing untoward will pass so long as he's the man in the middle.

The scene was reminiscent of countless others being played out up and down the ›

country that day. The pitch was jagged, pockmarked and damp and muddy in the centre circle. And until two substitutes were persuaded to run the line halfway through the second half, there were no linesmen. Players smoked before kick-off, preferring a cigarette to a stretch. And they talked not about tactics or positioning, but about the night before. A portion of the home side seemed hungover, and it showed: lagging, they went three down inside 40 minutes. Their keeper, a ringer, had turned up late, so a winger had started in goal. That showed, too. At every opportunity the away side shot. It could have been eight.

When a football team concede three times in one half, without scoring themselves, they have two options: to accept defeat as inevitable, perhaps grasping a modicum of second-half dignity by preventing the score line worsening further; or to reassemble and rally, push for a draw or more, no matter how dire the situation might be. In amateur football, teams usually pick the second option, partly because it's often more fun to attack, but also because when ability is lacking, respect is instead attributed to those who try. At this level, it's not about how good you are, it's about how hard you dig in.

Which is what the home side did. After only 10 second-half minutes they had scored twice, and the comeback roused the whole team. Action on the pitch shifted from meandering to frenetic. Every tackle became a foul — and, for Clubb, a decision to make. When, in a 90th-minute surge, a tiring first-half substitute stumbled over inside the box under a clumsy challenge, a mêlée ensued. All 11 home players claimed a penalty. The other 11 protested in defence.

"Fuck off, ref," one onlooker shouted. "Fuck off. Fuck off. Fuck off."

Clubb could hear him but only slightly. He was 45 yards away, in a bright yellow bib, because his training top was too similar to the away side's kit. He didn't know exactly why the man was shouting, or in what capacity. And he didn't much care. He'd heard it all before; he'd heard it all that day. Players had muttered worse. Their managers, too. Even passers-by such as local kids or people out walking their dogs.

"Fuck off. Fuck off. Fuck off."

Didn't bother him, the words. Never have. What bothered Clubb was going with his gut, making a good decision and standing by it. Clubb saw the challenge. He saw the striker shoot high and wide past the left upright. He saw the defender slide in late, long after the ball had left the boot, when it was no longer in play. And he saw both players come together in a heap on the floor.

And then he saw their faces. There were 22 angry men clamouring for a decision this way or that. Opportunists. Mercenaries. Animals. All of them fixing their eyes at Clubb, waiting for him to waver, to offer the slightest moment of indecision on which they could pounce, eke out an advantage for their side.

From afar, the scene looked markedly brutal yet, to a football fan, resoundingly familiar: 22 grown men and that irate, expletive-laden voice on the sidelines, angry and getting angrier, pointing, arguing, shouting, temporarily united against one man. And Clubb, alone in the middle in that bright yellow bib, with a decision to make.

What would any objective onlooker think? The only thing anybody with the semblance of half a mind could, the question I've been asking for the past few months. Why? Why would anyone want to be a referee?



A few weeks later, I meet Alex Clubb in a busy pub in south London, where he tells me what he'd experienced that day was, if not normal, then not entirely abnormal. "Throwaway comments," he calls them, unless the abuse becomes more than that, malicious somehow. "I don't let it get to me unless someone is really in my face," he said. "Or if I feel under threat."

Clubb is soft-spoken but resoundingly confident. He is also tall, well over 6ft, and lithe — a physical presence — which in the world of amateur referees, makes him one of the lucky ones. His height, and his demeanour, force players into thinking twice about evolving their verbal abuse into something physical. He's been pushed a few times, but he's never been punched or kicked or wrestled to the ground. He's never been set upon by a group.

Which isn't to say that sort of thing doesn't happen. YouTube is rife with footage of referee abuse, plenty of it physical, all of it disturbing. (The category isn't exactly a genre in its own right, but, given the number of films available, and their apparent popularity, it might as well be.) As of mid-February a clip entitled *Tanzanian Referee Beaten by Players* had received more than 250,000 views. Similarly, footage of a diminutive Iranian referee being slapped, repeatedly, had notched up 100,000. There are other examples from Lebanon, Kuwait and Chile. In the latter, an amateur official was left barely conscious two years ago following a mid-game brawl, while his assistant also lost teeth. In 2012, a linesman died having been assaulted by amateur youth team players in Almere, a city 16 miles east of Amsterdam. He was officiating a game in which his son was playing; the assailants were 15 and 16. People have referred to the incident as the nadir of referee abuse.

Events like this are extreme and uncommon — players rarely lash out, often preferring subtler, less physically involved means of coercion — but they are widely reported. Even so, aspiring referees aren't put off. There are roughly 27,000 FA-registered officials in England, from bottom-rung Level 9s, the kind who referee in parks, right up to the Level 1s, the 17 Select Group professionals who officiate in the Premier League. That figure doesn't include refs who aren't FA-accredited — hobbyists, stand-ins, once-a-year types who never bothered to pay the association a £135 course fee. Include them and the number rockets north of 30,000. Gather them together and there'd be too many to fit in most Football League stadiums.

Clubb can't pinpoint the exact reason he became a referee, but in the pub he reeled off a number of motivating factors: the allure of being outdoors; involvement in a game he loves, even when his playing legs eventually give out; the money. Clubb spent the last year of his degree in a lab, which meant he had little time out in the open, beyond the confines of a white-walled

"Once you make a wrong decision, it will affect you for the rest of the game," said trainee referee Nabila Youssouf. "It's a panic. Refs need to be slightly psychotic. You're one person in front of 10,000. In shorts. In the cold"

research centre. By his graduation, he already knew he wanted things to change and in a hurry he left science behind. The last thing he wanted to do for the rest of his life was wear a lab coat.

So, when someone asked him to referee an intermural game, on a whim, he said yes, despite having no experience. Clubb loves football, playing as a kid to a decent standard, until a leg break ended any slim chance of a professional career and schoolwork took over. Now he plays for fun, at the weekends. He'll never get paid to do that, but he gets paid to referee. "I was interested in jobs that paid by the hour," he told me of his initial curiosity.

The thing is, money isn't a very convincing motivating factor. Clubb, like most Sunday League referees, receives around £35 per game. Taking into account the half hour it often takes him to reach a pitch, the 30-minute pre-match preparation, both 45-minute halves and the 15 minutes in between, a full game amounts to around two hours and 45 minutes of his day, not including his journey home. That equates to £14.28 an hour, a decent rate over the course of an eight-hour shift, sure, but Clubb only ever manages one game a day, two days a month. Being outside isn't all that satisfying a reason, either, considering that instead he could jog, or ride his bike, or, at least for the next 10 years, continue playing recreational football — all activities that would keep him trim and in the fresh air, without the abuse.

Unconvinced, I asked Clubb if there was anything else that drew him to it?

"Man management," he said.

Man management?

"I get to learn new skills."

Clubb believes refereeing is teaching him how to "handle people", which he considers is a transferrable skill necessary for success in the modern workplace. True, perhaps, but what else?

Silence. I asked him if, actually, he just kind of enjoyed it.

Clubb shrugged.

"I wouldn't put it like that."



There are roughly 27,000 FA-registered officials in England, but only 17 officiate in the Premier League

Jeff Pettitt paced the sidelines of a soggy pitch at the training ground of Charlton Athletic. Tall and barrel-chested, he was wearing a woolly hat and a long blue training coat to keep out the cold, and on his upper lip he sported a thick moustache. Every now and then he exhaled a deep, disappointed groan, turned to the small group of onlookers who surrounded him, and complained about minor details of the performance of one of his most talented protégées. Saul Kay, who on the pitch was displaying the subtle awareness of an off-duty policeman, wasn't doing enough to impose himself on the game. Coach wanted words at halftime.

Pettitt and I had met earlier that day, in the players' lounge, a scruffy canteen filled with tables and chairs more suited to a conference room. Scuffed walls were painted the colour of Charlton's red and white home kit. Large windows offered views out onto the training pitches. In one corner there was a breakfast bar: cereals, fruit, juices. Staff periodically came in to fill up bowls.

Pettitt, 56, has used this room and others like it in the ground since 1990, the year he set up one of the most successful refereeing academies in England. At any one time, he and a group of jocular middle-aged coaches train 25 budding officials working towards one day refereeing in the Premier League. Most are in their mid- to late teens; some are older, but they're rare. To give them a genuine opportunity to make it, Pettitt likes to start them young.

By the time they reach the academy, Pettitt's students have completed the FA's training course, which means they have a firm understanding of football's 17 basic laws: how many players are in a team, how big the field should be, how long a game should last. At the academy, Pettitt helps students elaborate on those rules, suggesting methods to successfully interpret and apply them in games that feature talented youth team players concerned less with cajoling the referee into making particular decisions and more with the quality of their football.

For this reason, Pettitt calls the academy a "safe haven," by which he means referees learning in this environment benefit from a minimum of abuse. Parents might sometimes use foul language mid-game, but the verbally abusive are sent home, their children threatened with expulsion. The general atmosphere is positive, mostly.

Given their ability, Pettitt thinks a few of his students might make it to the top flight, but he's skeptical all of them will stick it out, and he frets some just turn up for pocket money. "They all say they want it," Pettitt told me, "but you say you want to be a member of Status Quo, and then you find out about the amount of practice you have to put in, and the amount of pain. They think, 'Shoot, it's an awful lot of work.'"

Pettitt was speaking from experience. A football fan, he became a referee the moment his playing talent ran out, and the activity energised him. He reached a level high enough to take charge of semi-pro games in the Conference, and eventually made it to the Premier League ›

line. "I enjoyed being involved," he said. "I was actually on the field, best seat in the house, and for an hour-and-a-half there was absolutely nothing else going on in the world." Later he added: "Once I got over the fact people were shouting at me, it was great."

Pettitt was a Premier League linesman until 2000, a year before top-flight referees evolved from being amateur hobbyists to professional careerists. By that point the academy had been running for a decade, and Pettitt was keen to extend a growing list of success stories. Academy graduates have gone on to referee in the Conference and the Football League. Constantine Hatzidakis, a 25-year-old alumnus, is currently an assistant running the Premier League line. Pettitt, who delights in the thought he might be contributing positively to his students' lives, thinks he has the promise to go further.

When I first arrived at the players' lounge, six young referees, including Kay, who at 26 was the oldest of the group by a decade, were sitting around a table waiting to be told which of the two games they would take part in that day, and in what capacity. While they waited, their coaches began recounting stories of spectator incidents. Pettitt told of the time an Arsenal fan said he hoped his wife got cancer.

Another coach, DQ Barley, whose 16-year-old son Jordan was due to referee a match that day, recalled a story of how a fan, enraged by the fact his team were losing, had begun directing his anger at the game's officials. Barley, a linesman, was closest to him, and took the brunt of the abuse. "He called me a cheating black bastard," he said, before pausing and throwing wide his arms, opening his body up to the young referees. "But I enjoy being sworn at."

I wasn't sure of the exact point he was making, but the conversation seemed part of the training: personal experience as academy syllabus. Even so, of the six referees listening in, only Kay seemed to be enjoying the stories. The others, some of whom were about to take part in an academy game for the first time, sat nervously in silence, as if awaiting trial. Eventually, Pettitt assigned roles for the day — Kay and Jordan Barley would referee; the remaining four novices would run the line — and corralled his students out on to the pitches. Their coaches huddled together in tow.

Kay's first half went without major incident, so much so that Pettitt believed his lack of action could have a negative impact on the game.

"Personality," Pettitt said to the group. "He just needs a bit more of it. The players forget that he's there which means that when he is actually called into action, they won't listen."

At halftime, Pettitt walked into the middle of the pitch and called Kay and his two linesmen together. "There's an 'F-word' in football," Pettitt said to the group with a smile. "What is it?"

No one answered. Everyone was familiar with the manner in which Pettitt coached — with questions that seem simple to answer but are often not — and no one was foolish enough to be tricked into saying the "F-word" they all had on their minds; the one they hear a lot on the pitch.

"Flow," Pettitt said. "We love flow. Keep the game flowing."

Pettitt turned to Kay.

"But be in the game," he said, quieter now. "Boss every throw-in, not too officially, but make them look at you. Otherwise they'll forget that you're there."

Kay nodded and the group dispersed. As Pettitt walked off he stopped and turned back to his students, suddenly remembering to raise another important observation.

"One more thing..." he said to the young trainee linesmen.

"The flagging's awful."



Patrick Vieira, Duncan Ferguson and Richard Dunne hold the record for Premier League red cards with eight each

A couple of weeks later, on a cold Saturday afternoon in December, I met Nabila Youssouf at The Valley, Charlton Athletic's home ground. Youssouf was there to observe the referee, Andy Davies, who on that day was in charge of a game between Charlton and Championship strugglers Blackpool. Youssouf considered this visit part of her training. She wanted to take notes.

I had met Youssouf during one of Pettitt's Sunday academy sessions. At 30, she is the oldest student enrolled in the programme and currently its only woman — a rarity in both respects. She told me then that she had become a referee two years ago, having followed through on a New Year's resolution she hoped would get her out of the house, especially during the weekends, when she had a tendency to laze around.

The idea worked. She found an FA course, trained intensively, and passed both practical and written exams within three months. Now her schedule is hectic: girls' games on a Saturday; boys' matches on Sundays. She goes to the gym twice or three times a week, and on another evening she trains with Pettitt and others at the academy, spending three hours on fitness and positioning. On those occasions, she gets home at 10pm. During

the day, she is employed as a doctor, monitoring the neurological development of premature babies.

Youssouf, who is a Level 7 referee, dreams of one day officiating at a World Cup final. But mainly she considers the activity a hobby, something to do rather than running, which she figured she'd have given up after three weeks. "I've always been interested in football," she told me at the Charlton game, "compared to most girls." She was drawn to the idea of "doing something, a physical activity, I liked and wanted to do."

She was not motivated by the cash, which to her is poor reward. "There's no money in refereeing," she said. "We get £20 per [academy] game, but consider the cost of the training, the travel, these game tickets" — she held up a Charlton Athletic-branded paper stub for emphasis, and it waved in the wind — "and the kit." A standard referee's uniform costs close to £100, and officials are obliged to replace them regularly. Nothing says "on-pitch authority" like a neatly pressed black shirt.

When the game began, Youssouf immediately began to comment on Davies' decisions. Mostly she agreed with his actions, but every now and then she'd wince, shake her head, and offer an opinion. When Charlton broke quickly from defence, leaving Davies lagging slightly behind the ball, she said, "He's very far from play."

When Davies stopped the game after a heavy challenge, she commented, "I wouldn't have whistled at that." Youssouf was interested in the match's outcome, but only indirectly. To her, the football was secondary to the referee's actions. Davies was the main event.

Youssouf wasn't the only person in the ground commenting on the referee's decisions, but she was one of the few individuals passing judgement rationally. Davies was receiving grief, particularly from the home fans, who pounced on every moment of indecision with jeers. In the space of two or three minutes, one fan shouted, "He's not giving us anything"; another screamed, "Absolute rubbish ref"; and, more simply, one called out, "Twat." Thirty-five minutes into the game, when Davies awarded Charlton a free-kick on the edge of Blackpool's box, the home crowd united in an ironic cheer, the biggest of the day, suggesting it to be the first decision awarded in their favour all game. It was not.

Davies, a former professional football player, appeared unaffected by the abuse. Still, it seemed like a difficult thing to have to cope with. The situation was pertinent to Youssouf. The ability to block a crowd out of your mind is something she openly admitted she needs to improve. She referred to it as "soundproofing", the ability not to let noise affect her or the decisions she makes. By that point, the crowd had gathered together in a simple song whose lyrics were directed at Davies. "You're an arsehole," fans sang. "You're an arsehole, referee."

In the space of two or three minutes, one fan shouted, "He's not giving us anything"; another screamed, "Absolute rubbish ref"; and, more simply, one called out, "Twat"

I turned to Youssouf and asked if she actually enjoys refereeing, believing she must, otherwise why volunteer to take part in an activity in which behaviour like this is considered normal?

"Only after the game," she said with a sigh.

"Why not during it?"

"I'm too scared of doing something wrong. Was that a foul? Was it not? Once you make a wrong decision, it will affect you for the rest of the game. It's such a panic. I can't relax," she said.

Halfway through the comment, Youssouf began to smile, as if stumbling on a good idea.

"Do you enjoy the panic?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "All referees have to be slightly psychotic. You're one person in front of 10,000. In shorts. In the cold."

She stopped and looked out at the pitch. Blackpool had just scored, and the home crowd were baying for Davies' blood, chanting in frenzied union. In any other environment, the scene would be terrifying.

"I mean, you've got to be crazy."



The Premier League's offices are situated in a group of grand, adjacent townhouses near Baker Street in central London. It is a shared space. The Football League's administrative headquarters are in the same facility. As is the office of PGMOL, Professional Game Match Officials Limited, which has the power to decide who referees in the Premier League and in which games. It was PGMOL that, in 2003, promoted the English referee Howard Webb from the National List, a roster of 50-plus officials that administer order in the Football League, to the 17-strong Select Group, whose members facilitate matches in the Premier League. At that moment, Webb became a Level 1 referee and a football industry professional. PGMOL has been his employer ever since.

Webb, who retired from refereeing last July, is perhaps England's greatest ever official. During an 11-year Select Group career, he ran the rule over 400 Premier League games, officiated countless matches in domestic, European and international cups, and oversaw the 2010 World Cup Final. He has been awarded an MBE, was twice named the world's best referee by the International Federation of Football History and Statistics, an organisation that chronicles football via numerical data, and is one of a handful of international referees who have achieved a degree of celebrity status beyond the game. You might actually recognise him in the street.

I met Webb at the PGMOL offices, where we discussed the reasons why he became a referee. His story is familiar. As a kid, Webb's great interest was football, but his ambition to play professionally was misplaced and ultimately unrealised. "The bottom line was I wasn't good enough," he told me across a conference room table. "Didn't have the talent."

His father, who had become an amateur referee in 1969, encouraged Webb to attend an FA course, which he eventually did in 1989, aged 18. The decision changed his life. He quickly began to enjoy being responsible for successful Saturday and Sunday league games, and he welcomed the feeling of satisfaction that flooded over him in their aftermath.

"I recognised quite early that the more I did this thing the better I got, and the more I learnt about myself," Webb said.

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WHAT I'VE LEARNED

EVAN DAVIS

BROADCASTER, 52

INTERVIEW BY
BEN MITCHELL

PORTRAIT BY
CHRIS FLOYD

The criticism that hurts is the criticism you agree with.

Happiness is an Italian meal and a glass of wine with family and friends at a mid-range restaurant. I love adding chilli oil to spice it up. That's why I go mid-range — posh places don't do the chilli oil.

I was bad at ball games in school but in football I could run around the pitch and look like I was taking an interest, whereas secretly I was ensuring I was nowhere near the ball. If I got through an entire game kicking the ball once or twice, that would be quite a result.

What makes me anxious is live television. If I'm standing up I think my legs are going to give way. I have to tell myself, "They've never given way yet, so you're probably going to be OK."

I don't retain much knowledge. I'm hopeless at a pub quiz.

Which one of my piercings hurt the most? I never answer questions that confirm or deny anything about piercings or tattoos. I prefer to maintain a slight level of mystery over these things.

I was very into politics, current affairs and economics as a teenager. I always told people I'd be Prime Minister. I took myself seriously.

I try not to drink three days a week and then don't worry about the other four. I always thought of a martini as something you bought at an expensive bar. Now I've realised you can make them at home. You don't need much vermouth in that cocktail, either.

I enjoy a cigarette but I only smoke about 10 a month.

If I put weight on it's a very strange thing. You can look emaciated but your stomach gets fat, which is the worst physique to have.

I always used to think it was reckless to get a motorbike but then I realised there was something exciting and sexy about them. I asked myself, "Why don't you just learn to ride one and it could be really fun? What's been stopping you other than some self-imposed sense of what is right or wrong or sensible or adult?" That was about 1999. I've got a Honda CBR600 now.

***Anchorman* is hilarious.** It's a deeper critique of some of the habits of the media than people realise; it captures the excitement quite well. We had a big laugh about it because a year ago on the *Today* programme there was a pregnant panda at Edinburgh Zoo and I used a line from *Anchorman*. It was like, "Let's go back to the panda watch." I thought people might spot it but I don't think anyone did.

When I get recognised, it's not "You're Evan Davis", it's "You're off *Dragons' Den*." That's the level of comprehension people have of me.

I was born with wonky eyes. Most people's are looking in the same place and move together. Mine move together but are not looking in the same place, so I use one at a time. I tend to use my right eye for distance and my left for reading. For me, 3D films are an absolute waste of time. You can have it corrected but mine were too far gone.

Detail bores me. I don't like the leaves. I just want to see the forest.

When you're a teenager and not quite sure what your sexuality is, that's a pretty turbulent time. I would love to make clear to my teenage self that you don't have to worry. Most of the battle is the self-angst rather than the social acceptance. It feels lonely when you haven't told anybody because you're kind of on your own, but when you tell people you find a social set and it gives you the company and support so you don't feel lonely anymore. I didn't tell my parents until I was in my twenties. They were lovely about it.

Pursuing your dreams is a good thing. There's a ghastly kind of riff when it comes to encouraging young entrepreneurs that says just persevere, you're going to make it. Your dream has to be sensible, so don't say, "I want to be a rock star" if you're not musical. Pursuing your dreams is about using what you've got. You can't just hope that what you would like to have will somehow drop out of a bag in the sky.

I begin to feel unkempt if I don't get my hair cut every week. I prefer to have that clipped, neat look.

My most frustrating interviewee? I'd like to answer that with a category, which is "politicians who can't rise above giving you a very predictable partisan line". I don't think it works for them and it doesn't work for us. I can understand why they do it, but sometimes I exhibit my irritation and shouldn't. That is a bit of a fault of mine. It is very conspicuous that the politicians who appear to break through have perfected the art of talking like a human being.

You have a circle of friends until you're in your thirties and then there's one person who becomes your partner. I've still got friends but now you say, "We must have dinner. Are you free in August?"

Why are we here? I think that is a misconceived question. There is no answer. We are here and we've evolved with certain instincts and tastes, drives and passions. You have a rational brain that might tell you it is all meaningless or there is no purpose in life. Do I feel that's the case? No, not at all. I just go with the flow.

Read more in our series of What I've Learned interviews at esquire.co.uk



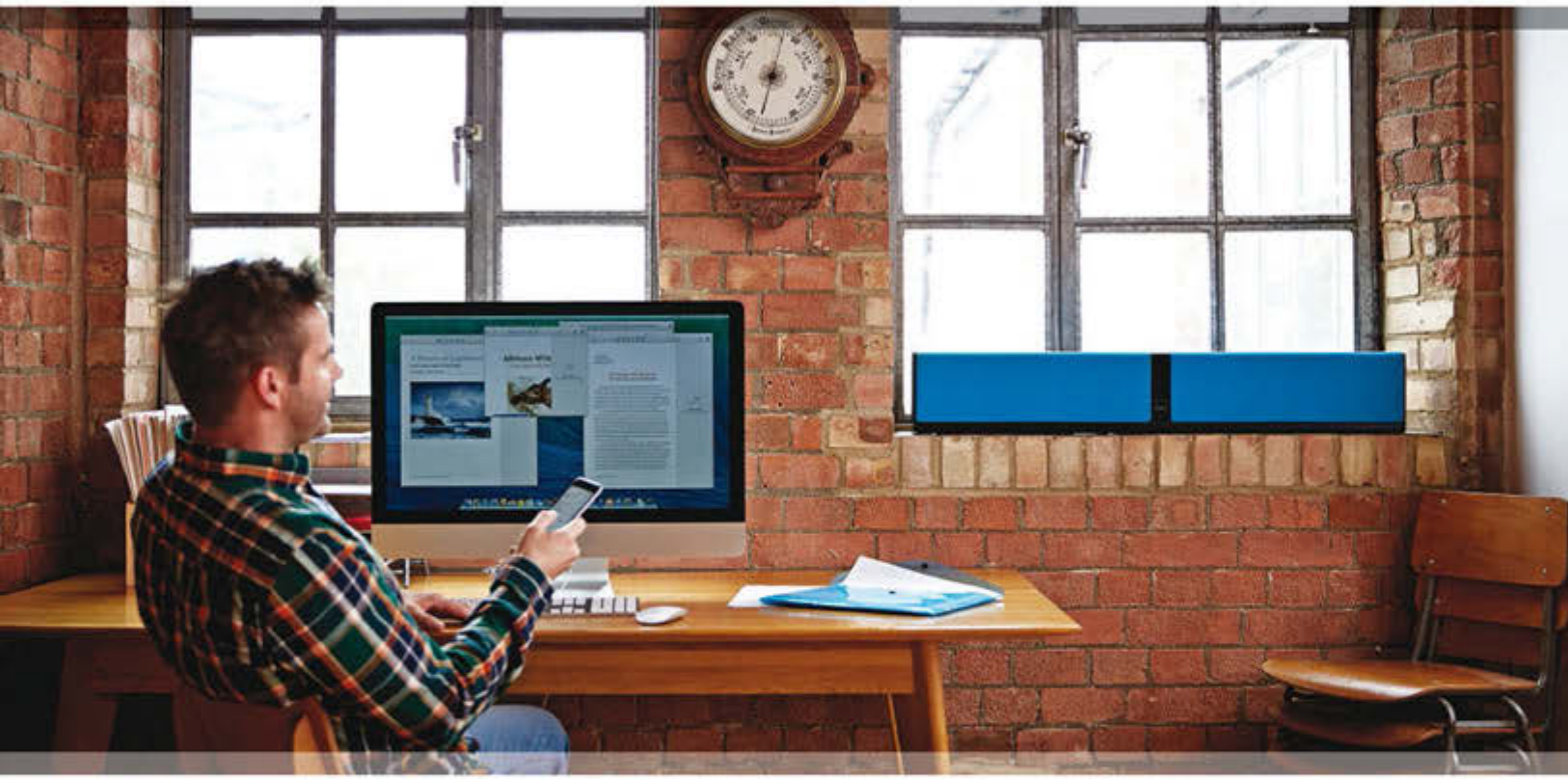
"ANCHORMAN IS A DEEPER CRITIQUE OF THE MEDIA THAN PEOPLE REALISE"

Evan Davis, photographed in London, January 2015

IN ADMIRATION OF MUSIC

The Sound of Freedom

Designed by people who've devoted their lives to the pursuit of audio excellence



DALI KUBIK is a series of wireless speakers that combine DALI's legendary loudspeaker heritage with state-of-the-art digital amplification.
The new DALI KUBIK ONE and KUBIK FREE allow you to listen wirelessly to your music and movies at an incredible level of sonic detail.
These extraordinary sound systems give you the freedom to listen from any device, anywhere in your home - phones, tablets and laptops all swiftly and effortlessly connect.





Learn more about the KUBIKs at www.dalikubik.com

Technical specifications: Bluetooth APT-X wireless connectivity, Class D amplifier, wide range of inputs (3.5mm mini jack, RCA, Optical, USB), interchangeable colour grilles.

50 THINGS TO PUT A SPRING IN YOUR SPRING

Edited by Johnny Davis · Photographs by Agata Pec

01



CHADWICK PIZZA OVEN

Thin and crispy

Yes, an outdoor, wood-fired, brick pizza oven for stone-cooked margheritas is a smashing idea — for that one weekend in July. Instead, you can make proper pizza anytime on a gas hob with Danny Chadwick's British-made stainless steel marvel. There's a stone inside; heat it up for 10 minutes and cook your pizza in four.

—

USP Looks like a spaceship; cooks like an Italian. *£385, chadwickoven.com*

02

CHURCH'S DERBIES

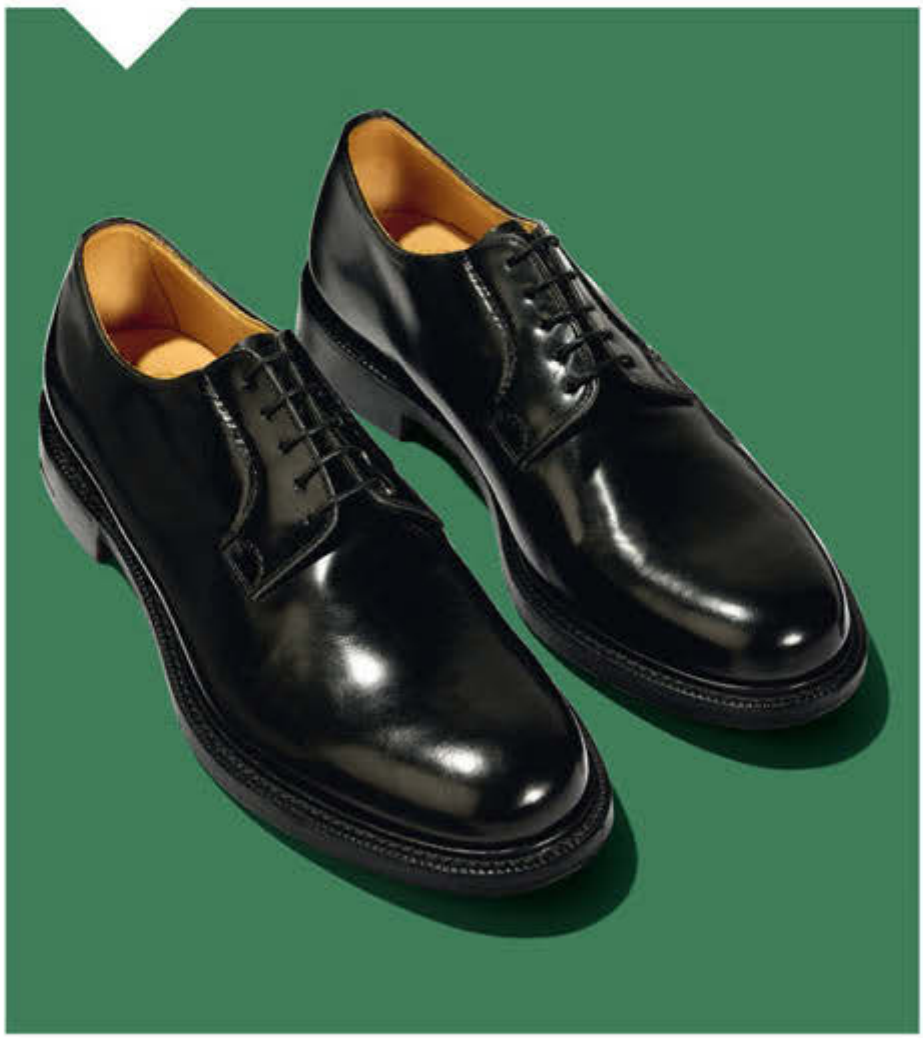
Shoes for all seasons

It's easy to overlook the derby in favour of its more popular relations, the brogue and the oxford. You'll find the derby more versatile than both. Defined by its chunky sole and unadorned upper, a smart pair of derbies will work with a suit as well as rolled up chinos, making it the perfect "transitional" footwear. (Fashion-speak for no-longer-winter, not-quite-spring.)

—

USP A former hunting style, it's smart but tough with it.

Shannon leather derby shoes by Church's, £435; church-footwear.com



03

LOVE, SEX & OTHER FOREIGN POLICY GOALS BY JESSE ARMSTRONG

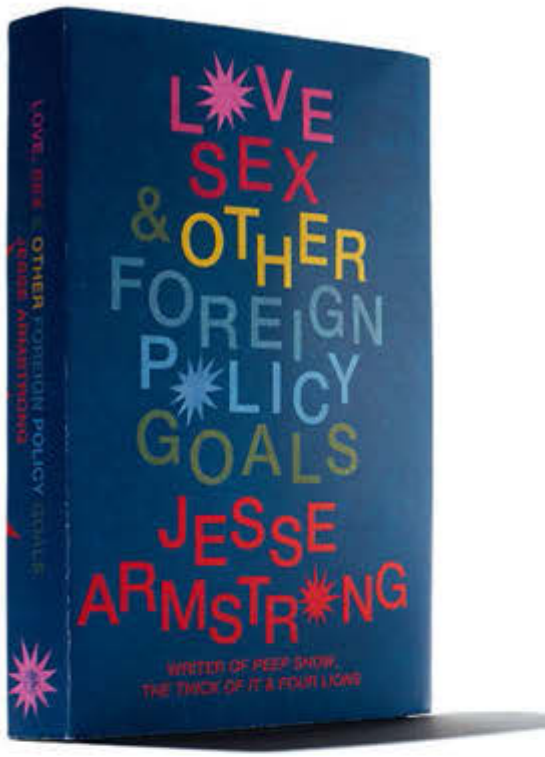
A truly comic novel

Though this is a debut novel, Armstrong's CV in TV and film includes *Veep*, *Four Lions* and *The Thick of It*. Set in 1994, the book follows a group of young people who travel to Yugoslavia to stop the war there by putting on a play — though their hormones have other priorities.

—

USP Armstrong also co-created *Peep Show*, surely the greatest love story of our age.

Out on 2 April (Jonathan Cape)



04

PANKHURST PRODUCTS

Groom for improvement

Pankhurst barbers, off London's Carnaby Street, calls on decades of experience and counts clients you wouldn't want to upset (Daniel Craig, the England rugby team). Their newly-launched grooming range is equally masculine: Silver Fox Shampoo, sculpting pomade and a brushed German steel/Teflon cartridge razor nail our vote as grooming launch of the year.

—

USP Stylishly minimalist packaging.

From £18; mrporter.com





Sky high: The impressive roof terrace at the Mandarin Oriental, Paris

05

A WEEKEND IN PARIS

You old romantique

Paris already has the George V, Le Meurice and Le Bristol, some of the finest hotels on Earth. But it's upping its game. Mandarin Oriental and The Peninsula have just opened, Le Claridge has had a refit and Ritz Paris reopens soon, followed by Plaza Athénée and Hôtel de Crillon. Paris in springtime? Someone should write a song.

—

USP We're told that girls like it there.

paris.peninsula.com; mandarinoriental.com; paris-claridge.frasershospitality.com; ritzparis.com; dorchestercollection.com; crillon.com

06

X-MINI CLEAR

Super speakers

Lord knows the world hardly needs another portable speaker, but X-mini have carved out their niche with budget capsule speakers designed for mobile phones. The Clear is their first attempt at something bigger. It's a 2.1 audio system which means it has a left and right speaker, and a subwoofer. The back is see-through so the valves and inner workings are visible, and there's even a "mood lighting" feature.

—

USP It doubles as a speakerphone.

£200; x-mini.com



07

RADO TRUE WATCH

The test of time

Good news for watch fans: Rado has decided to reissue its handsome 2006 collection, True. The case houses an automatic movement that now has the same 80-hour power reserve that Swatch Watch stablemates Tissot and Hamilton already use.

—

USP The True gets its dark metallic colour from a unique carburising process, Rado being the first company to combine matt and polished ceramics.

£1,400, available at ernestjones.com





08

CANON EOS 750D

Bargain snapper

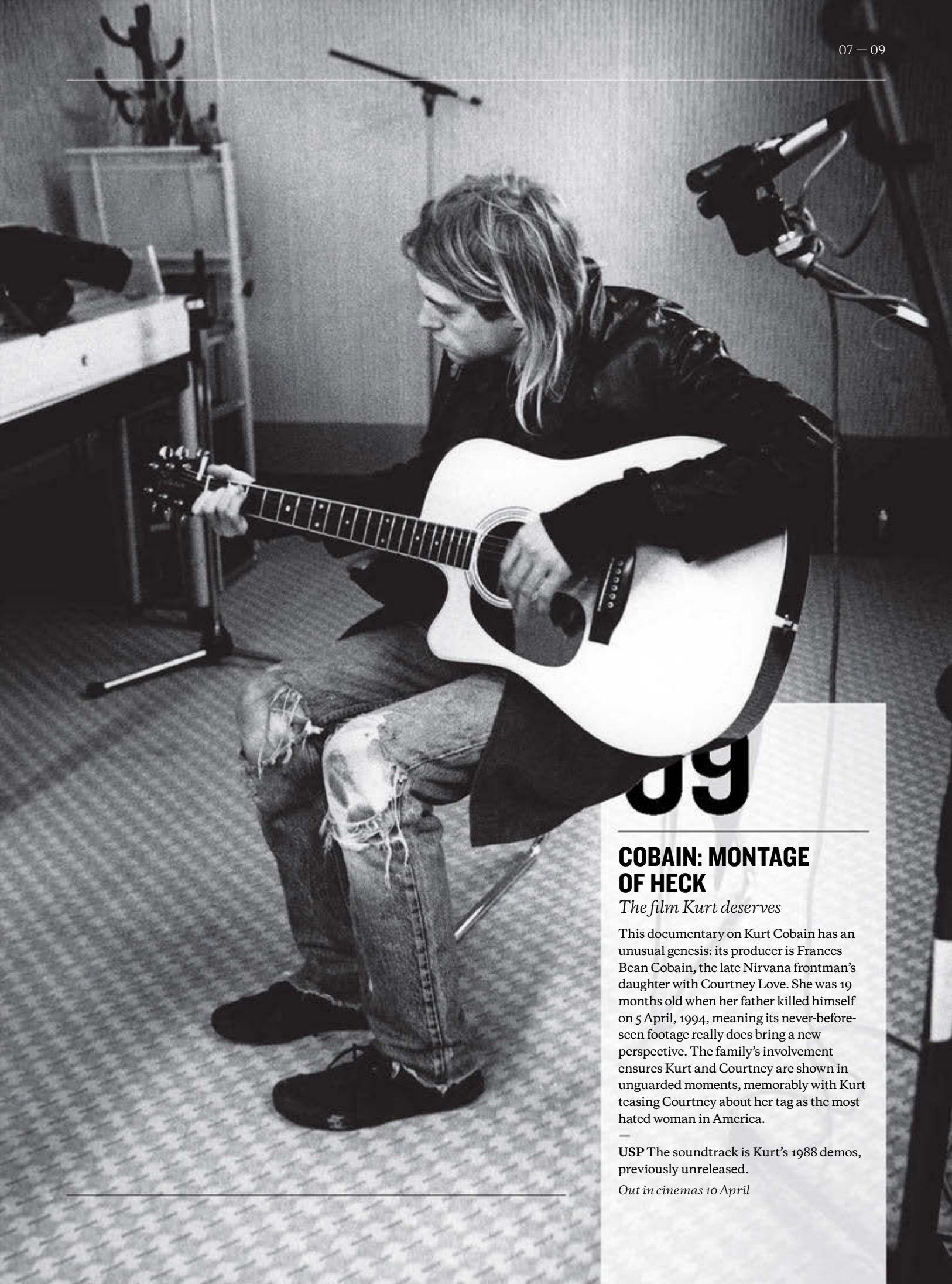
The star of Canon's recently expanded entry-level DSLRs, this camera features a 24.2 megapixel sensor wrapped within its ergonomic and enhanced compact body. There's a flexible LCD touch screen, wi-fi and Near Field Communication, so you can quickly connect and transfer images and full HD movies to smart devices. Plus, a host of automatic shooting modes. A great entry into SLR photography.

—

USP Canon's new 5DS pushes a price tag of £3,000; this is far more reasonable.

£900 (body only); canon.com

GETTY



09

COBAIN: MONTAGE OF HECK

The film Kurt deserves

This documentary on Kurt Cobain has an unusual genesis: its producer is Frances Bean Cobain, the late Nirvana frontman's daughter with Courtney Love. She was 19 months old when her father killed himself on 5 April, 1994, meaning its never-before-seen footage really does bring a new perspective. The family's involvement ensures Kurt and Courtney are shown in unguarded moments, memorably with Kurt teasing Courtney about her tag as the most hated woman in America.

—

USP The soundtrack is Kurt's 1988 demos, previously unreleased.

Out in cinemas 10 April



10

N'DUJA DI SPILINGA

Spread the word

This spicy, spreadable Calabrian pork sausage is creeping onto menus all over, into arancini, pasta and pizzas, and featuring in Dan Doherty's moreish warm n'duja and gruyère cheese bread at London's Duck & Waffle restaurant. "It has just the right amount of kick," says the chef. "Mix that with the porkyness and it's a total winner." There's an octopus variation at L'Anima in the City, but Doherty likes it best on toast. "But be careful," he says. "It's addictive."

—

USP It's pronounced "en-doo-ya", FYI.

£8.50; selfridges.com; duckandwaffle.com



11

GUCCI'S SUMMER SUIT

Keep it loose

Wearing a suit in warmer weather is tricky. The answer lies in going for light, loose fabrics and soft, subtle shades. This single-breasted, two-button twill number by Gucci is a great solution. It's not cut too sharply, and the patch pockets and wide lapels are bang on-trend.

—

USP Looks as good with a white T-shirt, tennis shoes and a cocktail as it does with shirt, tie and briefcase.

Tan wool mohair military twill Mayfair jacket, £980; tan wool mohair military twill Mayfair trousers, £455; gucci.com



12



OXX COFFEEBOXX

Your morning cup gets macho

Proving tasty, home-made coffee isn't just the birthright of George Clooney and tattooed hipster baristas, this 'ard-as-nails contraption goes "where other coffee makers fear to tread". Despite only having reached its Kickstarter target in December, manufacturers Oxx promise the finished model will house a 2.5-litre water tank and splurt out the perfect cup of coffee in just 90 seconds, while remaining crush-proof, dust-proof, spill-proof, rust-proof, water resistant and impact resistant.

—

USP To quote its makers, "Good coffee isn't just for beautiful people with beautiful kitchens and cushy nine-to-five jobs." Noted.

£200; oxx.com

13

GOGORO SMARTSCOOTER

Tesla on two wheels

Smart how? It's a very good-looking, one-piece aluminium chassis; fast for a scooter (0–30mph in 4.2secs, top speed 60mph); and a no-pollution electric vehicle. It analyses riding patterns and tweaks power use accordingly.

—

USP Instead of waiting to recharge flat batteries, you swap in fully charged ones at "GoStations" set up all over your town.

Price TBA; gogoro.com

14

BANG & OLUFSEN BEOSOUND MOMENT

All music, touch wood

A typically elegant, understated B&O box that streams your networked music collection, internet radio and streaming service Deezer, which boasts 35m songs and access to some 30,000 radio stations. The brushed aluminium side displays your personal track library for browsing via a touch-screen.

—

USP The makers claim it learns your listening habits so that, hopefully, one touch of the oak panel will cue the music you want to hear at any given time.

£1,800; bang-olufsen.com







Cotton Ventile macs, £575 each, by Private White VC



15

AN APPOINTMENT ON DUKE STREET

W1's new menswear hotspot

For Londoners, menswear's newest hotspot is perfectly placed: near enough to Mayfair to lure in the most well-heeled shoppers and close to Oxford Street to capitalise on footfall. E Tautz and Jigsaw's Duke Street emporia are joined by a new flagship store from Private White VC, the Manchester heritage brand whose smart, sturdy jackets and coats are handmade and will last accordingly.

—

USP PW VC's luxurious 2,000sq ft space feels more hotel than shop.

73 Duke Street, London; privatewhitevc.com

16

GASCOIGNE THE MOVIE

Whither Gazza?

The slow decline of Paul Gascoigne has been hard to watch, as the once irrepressible football legend continues to battle his alcohol addiction in the glare of the media. Will he get a third act? In this new feature-length documentary, *Gascoigne*, Gazza talks in-depth about triumphs and disasters on and off the pitch. Also hard to watch, but worth it.

—

USP The 25th anniversary of Italia 90 means the former Newcastle, Spurs and Lazio man's finest hour is back in focus.

Out in cinemas on 5 June



GETTY

17



NEW NINTENDO 3DS XL

Handheld gaming heaven

The front camera tracks your head position so that the on-screen 3D always stays 3D, whatever the viewing angle. Nintendo makes great new games, while great old ones can be played here thanks to the Virtual Console shop.

—

USP Gamers of a certain age will love the right-hand buttons: they're the same as the old Super Nintendo controller.

£180; store.nintendo.co.uk

18





ASTON MARTIN LAGONDA TARAF

A controversial classic roars back

The distinctive, William Towns-designed Lagonda of 1976 was equally loved and loathed by Aston Martin enthusiasts. Now the name returns, this time affixed to a car likely to prove less contentious. Launched in Dubai only — where else? — late last year, this spring the Lagonda will be made available for the first time, in a limited edition, to more customers around the world.

—

USP It's a 6.0-litre, V12-engined super-saloon. What more do you need to know?

£POA; astonmartin.com

19

TOD'S WALLET

Keep an Italian in your pocket

As with so many things in life, when it comes to style it's the details that count. Polished shoes, decent belt, good watch... and just as importantly, a wallet you're not ashamed of pulling out of your pocket. These cross-grain leather billfold wallets by esteemed Italian luxury house Tod's are the best place to keep your cash outside a Swiss bank.

—

USP Available in a range of different colour variations to match any outfit.

£150 each; tods.com



20

QUIP TOOTHBRUSHES

One for the scrubbers out there

It's the dental doomsday scenario: a skanky, bristle-less brush in the pot and a toothpaste tube you'll need to fold into eighths. Quip put a stop to the (admittedly quite small) problem of remembering to visit Boots by offering a dental postal service. Every three months you'll be sent a new brush head and paste for Quip's electric brush. Handy, no?

—

USP Vibrates for two minutes, the precise time to spend scrubbing your gnashers.

Starter pack £30; refills £5; getquip.com











21

AN APPRECIATION FOR GIGI HADID

This year's supermodel

"Gigi Hadid Storms the Catwalk" (*Daily Mail*). "Gigi Hadid Beat Out Kendall Jenner and Kate Upton for Model of the Year" (*Hollywood Life*). "Gigi Hadid is Our New Off-Duty Style Muse" (*Harper's Bazaar*). For any *Esquire* readers not up to date on their female fashion feeds (weirdos), here's the news: this Palestinian-American 19-year-old model is the new, new thing, the toast of the style press and queen of the catwalk alike. Something for us boys? Google her *Sports Illustrated* appearance. And next up: the 2015 Pirelli Calendar, shot by Steven Meisel.

—

USP Her Instagram feed (clearly), from which these photos are taken.

instagram.com/gigihadid













22

THE BROTHERS BY MASHA GESSEN

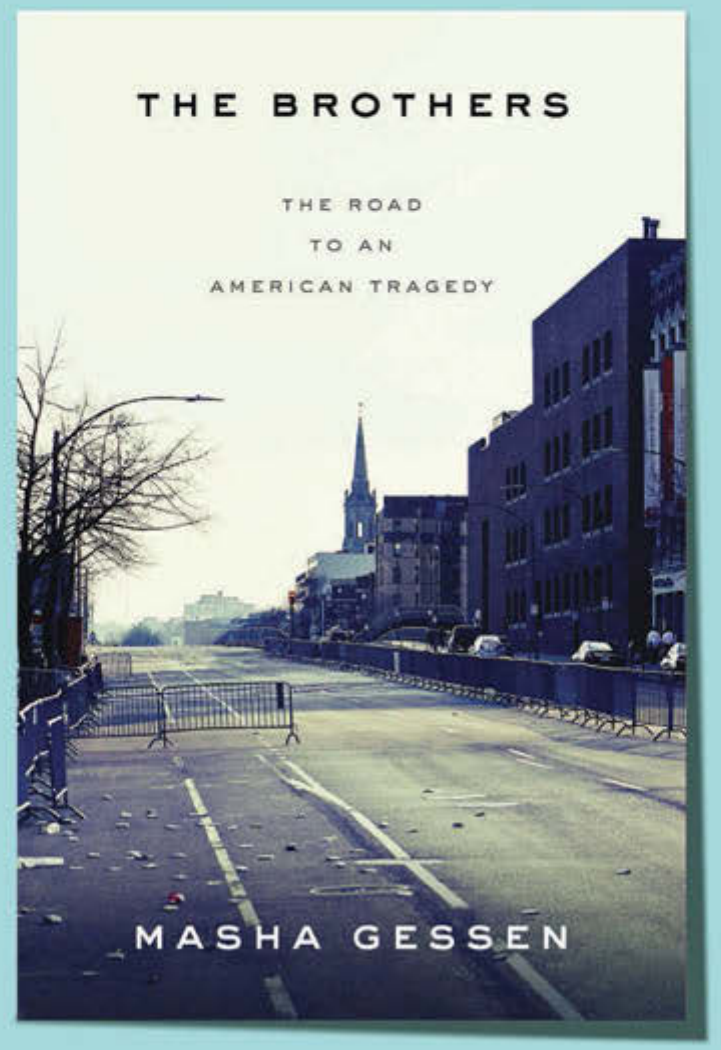
Spring's non-fiction must-read

On 15 April 2013, brothers Dzhokhar and Tamerlan Tsarnaev planted two bombs at the Boston Marathon, killing three people and prompting a massive manhunt, which ended with the deaths of a policeman and Tamerlan. In what is being touted as a definitive investigation into our terrorised times, Russian-American journalist Gessen traces the Chechen refugees' story, to try to understand why they turned against their adoptive home.

—

USP Gessen is an esteemed journalist for *The New Yorker*, *The New York Times* and others, as well as a prominent anti-Putin voice.

Out on 7 April (Riverhead Books)





23

1959 GIBSON ES-335TD

Finger pickin' good

Whatever your ability level, the better your instrument, the easier it is to perform well. This beautiful, retro six-string, from the Gibson Memphis 2015 series updating its classic guitars, faithfully reproduces the styling, fittings and authentic "Heritage Burst" finish of the first thin-line, semi-hollowbody guitar ever produced. With traditional maple and poplar three-ply body and modernized neck, frets and internal construction, the feel is improved and the model's famed semi-acoustic sustain is boosted even higher. Rock on.

—

USP Are you going to argue with ES-335 owners like BB King, Chuck Berry, Roy Orbison, Angus Young, Dave Grohl or Arctic Monkey Jamie Cook? Thought not.

£4,500; gibson.com

24

PHILIPS FIDELIO XS1

Sound for vision

There are six speakers in this glass-topped under-telly unit: four firing forwards and one per side, for real surround sound.

—

USP A big TV is no good without big sound.

£400; philips.co.uk



25

RESERVATIONS AT BAO

Nice buns

Taking its inspiration from the Xiao Chi, or "small eats" restaurants, in Taiwan, the Bao concept has until now been a wildly popular six-seat bar and stall in East London's Netil Market. After securing backing from Gymkhana, the impossibly trendy Mayfair Indian restaurant, Bao's three founders have just opened their first restaurant in Soho, serving their signature milk buns, or "bao" (right). Taiwanese is this summer's food snob cuisine, and Soho is so much more convenient than Taipei.

—

USP The bar, with its pear-infused Shochu and Kavalan and Yamazaki Whisky.

53 Lexington Street, London W1F 9AS, baolondon.com



***The Classic**: braised pork, peanut powder, fermented greens and coriander*



***The Daikon**: panko crumbed daikon radish, daikon pickle, hot sauce and coriander*



Navy cotton textured trousers, £145, daks.com. White nappa/patent leather Portman trainers, £425, jimmychoo.com

26

TRAINERS WITH TROUSERS

Spring's easiest style upgrade

Call them "sneakers", if you really must. Or "tennis shoes" if you want to be specific, because we're not talking running shoes here. At *Esquire*, we still say "trainers", because we're old school (if not quite old skool). In any event, the big news is that as long as they are white, flat and as plain as possible — think Stan Smiths, or Common Projects, or these by Jimmy Choo — you have our permission to wear them with trousers, rather than jeans or shorts. Important to get those trousers right, mind: they should be slim, with a gentle taper and a slight gap between hem and shoe, And probably blue, like these from Daks.

—

USP David Hockney did it, so can you.



27

TUMI INTERNATIONAL CARRY-ON

World traveller plus

Tumi, the US travel company noted for its near-indestructible luggage, marks its 40th year by releasing 1975, a collection of limited-edition cases, bags and accessories crafted from full-grain cowhide leather and ballistic nylon. This super-light, triple-layer, high-performance alloy case is *Esquire*'s pick of the collection. Good-looking, but tough with it, too, it's perfect for weekend sojourns to the continent.

—

USP With 25 patents for engineering innovation, Tumi literally pushes things forward (as well as pulling them along).

£1,895; tumi.com



28

JETSURF

A new meaning to water sports

A motorised surfboard powered by a 12hp engine and a rechargeable battery. With three fill-ups of two-stroke fuel, you get about four hours on the water before the battery runs down. Surfers and kitesurfers will get to grips with it quickly. The top-of-the-range model has a top speed of 35mph and weighs only 14kg.

—

USP The only powered vehicle we know of that goes as luggage in the hold.

£7,000; jet-surf.com

29 + 30

LG 105UC9 TV

TV OD

Exclusively available in Harrods' technology department, this massive, 105in curved LED TV features a built-in 7.2 surround-sound system with 150W Harman Kardon speakers. If you can afford the £60k to take one home, you'll likely have a room big enough to watch it: you should sit at least 17ft away from it. But what a view.

—

USP You need never leave the house again (or be able to afford to).

£60,000; harrods.com

TV MOVIES

Potential boxbusters

The hierarchy between small and big screens may be long gone, but that doesn't stop us being amused and baffled (amaffled?) by the TV show adaptations coming soon to a multiplex near you. *Spooks* and *Entourage* are both making the leap imminently, with *Dad's Army*, as ever, bringing up the rear next year.

—

USP It worked for *The Inbetweeners*. Who's to say it won't work again?

Spooks: The Greater Good is out on 8 May; Entourage is out on 19 June; Dad's Army will be out in 2016



GETTY

31

SENTENCED TO LIFE BY CLIVE JAMES

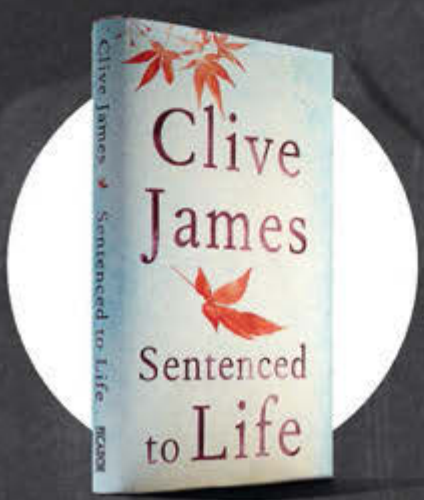
Finish lines

The title poem from Clive James's new collection is a devastatingly calm inquiry into his state of mind as he faces death (James has emphysema and terminal cancer). If these are the last words from one of our funniest and most brilliant writers and broadcasters, there's even more reason to cherish them.

—

USP Be honest: when's the last time you bought a book of poetry? High time to change that.

Out on 9 April (Picador)





32

LE CHABANAIS

French without the stuffiness

The little sister of Le Chateaubriand in Paris (in the world's top 30 restaurants, and with associated monster queues) opened in Mayfair last month. Its chef-owner Inaki Aizpitarte is a major player in the French "bistronomy" movement that spurns haute cuisine's price tags and stiffness, but not the food itself. Tablecloths and carpets are out, but highfalutin architecture is in: it has been designed by Clément Blanchet, who did the Serpentine Summer Pavilion with Rem Koolhaus.

—

USP The menu changes daily, and there's a terrific downstairs bar.

8 Mount Street, London, lechabanaislondon.com





33

BOTTEGA VENETA POUR HOMME EXTRÊME

The scent of spring

We could mention the enhanced accords of labdanum and pimento, Canadian fir resins and bergamot blend. Or wax lyrical about heart notes of Jamaican pepper and Indonesian patchouli. We could say how successfully this luxury brand has updated its first men's fragrance, from 2013. Instead, we'll just say this one's as good as it looks.

—

USP Reassuringly long-lasting, so you'll go through it slowly.

£50 for 50ml; bottegaveneta.com

34

SONY 4K ACTION CAM

The ultimate home movie

Prove that Spielberg, Scorsese, Christopher Nolan et all got the breaks you were cruelly denied with the mini camcorder that records in Hollywood-standard uber-high-definition 4K. Its panoramic 170° viewing angle, image stabilisers and wind noise reduction take the hassle out of getting that first Oscar, too. But CGI explosions and movie stars not included, sadly.

—

USP A separate case allows it to be drowned in 10m of water. Because you're doing the underwater bikini scene, right?

£360; sony.co.uk

GETTY



35

OUR LEGACY TECH BLOUSON

Yes, that's "seabed green"

We're big fans of Our Legacy at *Esquire*. The Swedish brand consistently gets it right, producing classic casual sweats, shirts and trousers that fit well and have enough of a design twist to make them feel special. Exhibit A: this zip-up tech blouson in seabed green has a smart chest pocket and is nylon-lined, while the majority of the fabric is linen, making it super-light and airy.

—

USP The brand claim Basquiat and Duchamp as influences. (Makes a change from Steve McQueen, at least.)

Seabed green lizard parka, £215; legacy.se

36

PIONEER XDJ-RX

Hey CDJ

This ends the moan that "all DJs need now is a laptop". With the XDJ-RX, they only need a USB stick. This feature-crammed dual-deck mixer has a screen that shows info from both players. There are also manual features for manipulating beats and making loops on the fly; when live magic happens, sets can be recorded to USB, too.

—

USP The complete solution for digital DJs.

£1,200; pioneer.eu





37

HJERLING AND WALLENBECK VERK DESK

The ultimate verkstation

Swedes Karl-Johan Hjerling and Karin Wallenbeck's contemporary, steel-framed Verk desk, inspired by traditional cabinetmaking, will look so good in your house that you'll start actually working (or perhaps "verking") from home, rather than skiving off and just telling your boss you're working from home. [*The scales have fallen from my eyes, Ed.*]

—

USP That drawer, as well as providing the work surface, is big enough for everything you could ever need.

£POA; snickeriet.com

38

THE CASEBOOK OF MAX AND IVAN!

Radio haha

Max Olesker and Ivan Gonzalez are a supremely talented, Fosters Comedy Award-nominated duo making big soundwaves in British comedy. They've now got a four-part series on Radio 4, in which they embark on breathtakingly ingenious and hilarious crime-solving adventures. Guest stars include Matt Lucas, Jessica Hynes and Reece Shearsmith. You heard it there first, folks.

—

USP If further recommendation were needed — which it shouldn't be — Olesker is also a contributing editor to *Esquire*. (We heard it here first, folks.)

From 7 April, 6:30pm, Radio 4



39

DURALEX GIGOGNE TUMBLERS

Give your drink the respect it deserves

These are glasses, that — much like this very publication — offer both style and substance. Duralex celebrates 70 years in 2015, and the French company achieved at least one first with its Gigogne range by creating something hailed by modern design aficionados and generations of canteen-visiting schoolboys alike. (Not that the canteen-visiting schoolboys were drinking what we're drinking.)

—

USP Virtually indestructible, the publicity in the Fifties boasted they could be "used as hammers". And just a fiver each.

£5 each; duralex.com



40

BABOLAT PLAY PURE DRIVE TENNIS RACKET

To detect and serve

Think of this new model by the venerable French racket maker Babolat as the Nike+ of tennis. Sensors in the racket log shot type, power, impact location, and so on, allowing you to develop an understanding of your strengths and weaknesses. An app, available on iOS and Android, becomes **your virtual coach.**

—

USP If Babolat is good enough for Nadal...

£260; babolat.co.uk

41

A TRIP TO CROATIA

Dalmatia knows how to party

The best summer party is just two hours from London. And no, it's not in Lincoln. Croatia has been home to boutique summer raves, boat parties and beach events for a while now, making it a considerably less awful Ibiza. This year's highlights are Hideout Festival (below, 28 June–2 July); Stop Making Sense (16–19 July); Soundwave (6–10 August); and Sonus (16–20 August).

—

USP If this sounds like the sort of holiday where you'll need another holiday to help you recover, you can just stay where you are, because Croatia is home to eight national parks, dramatic landscapes, Ancient Roman architecture and beautiful beaches. Win/win.

hideoutfestival.com; stopmakingsense.eu; soundwavecroatia.com; sonus-festival.com





42

HTC ONE M9

Phone sex

Unlike the plastic monstrosities that are a significant number of other Android phones, the HTC M9's aluminium case and supercar-like curved rear make this the only serious alternative to the iPhone 6 for the style conscious. It has all the usual hi-end functionality — 20 megapixel camera, 5in screen, expandable memory, super-quick processor etc — but, new to the series, is a stunning 4K camcorder.

—

USP The front camera on the M9 is the same as the rear camera from the previous M8; ideal for hi-res self portraits.

£550; htc.com

43

ZOMBIES, RUN! V4

The Sprinting Dead

Add some extra motivation to your trudge around the park with the threat of a bloodthirsty, stinking horde of the undead galloping after you. Take your phone with you, plug in headphones and listen as the audio narrator instructs you to search for supplies critical to the human fightback — and get a jog on when the blighters get close.

—

USP Version four, which is out this spring, adds 40 new missions and external music integration.

£3; zombiesrungame.com



44

JACKSON POLLOCK: BLIND SPOTS

The show of the spring

Think of Jackson Pollock's work and you probably imagine splatters, streaks and a kaleidoscope of colour. This Tate Liverpool exhibition focuses on a neglected phase of the American artist's career, his "Black Pourings" of the early Fifties, which were a deliberate move away from his signature "drip paintings" and heralded a new era in abstract art.

—

USP This is the first exhibition in more than 30 years of paintings Pollock made between 1951 and 1953.

30 June–18 October, tate.org.uk





45

YEARS & YEARS

Their time is now

After years (and years) of warbling women (Adele, Jessie J, Ellie), it was good to see an actual real-life band winning the BBC's king-making Sound Of... poll earlier this year. Years & Years play hooky, Nineties dance-pop with a dark, deep edge — Hot Chip fans will be happy. The trio's debut album delivers on the perky promise of singles "Desire" and "King" and will be inescapable for the foreseeable.

—

USP Singer Olly Alexander (middle) has got stardom in his blood: a sometime actor, he's another *Skins* alumni.

Out April

46

ALFRED DUNHILL CHASSIS HOLDALL

It's in the bag

Alfred Dunhill is best known for its classic British tailoring and impeccable leather goods. With the former enjoying a renaissance under new creative director John Ray, the latter is as strong as ever, as this new holdall illustrates. The leather is sumptuous, hardware sturdy and styling heritage-inspired.

—

USP Alfred Dunhill luggage was originally designed to be strapped to the boots of early motorcars, so wear and tear shouldn't be a problem.

Green Chassis leather holdall, £1,950; dunhill.com



GETTY





47

RAY-BAN AVIATORS

Vintage vision

Fashion for men and women is yet again enjoying a Seventies style revival. (You didn't see that one coming, did you?) In terms of eyewear, you can't get much more Seventies than a pair of Aviator-style sunglasses, as sported by everyone from Robert Redford (left) to Jackie Stewart. Go big or go home.

—

USP Unlike many popular styles, Aviators work with almost any face structure. Even ugly old Redford's.

From £125; ray-ban.com

48

Q-JAYS EARBUDS

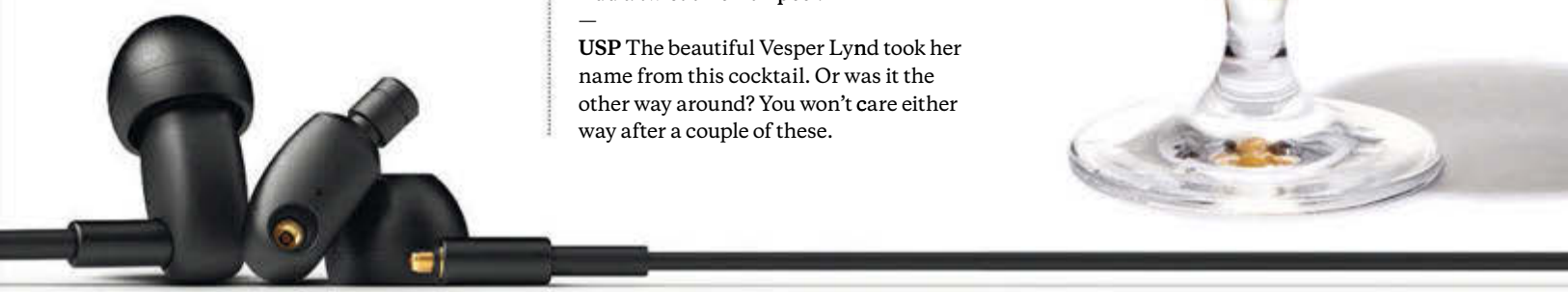
Bud delight

These are built to last: Kevlar and copper in the cables, scratch-resistant stainless steel bud housing. The bass is incredible.

—

USP The cables screw in; if they get damaged, you replace just them, not the whole set-up.

£260; jays.se



49

THE VESPER MARTINI

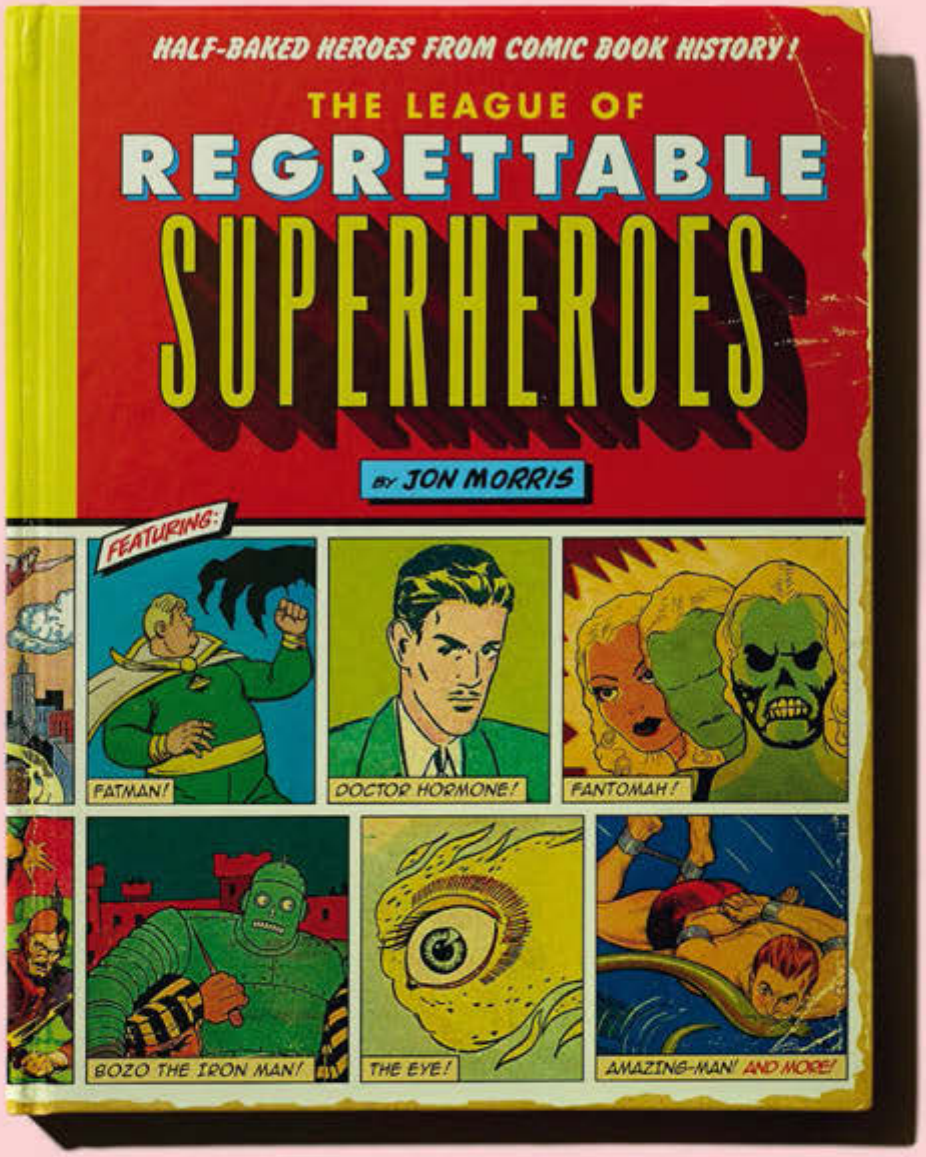
Because negronis are so 2014

Invented by Ian Fleming's friend Ivar Bryce, popularised by *Casino Royale* and resurrected by *Esquire*'s favourite New York barfly, Euan Rellie: mix three measures Tanqueray gin (Bond specifies Gordon's but he's wrong), one measure Konik's Tail vodka, a half measure of Lillet Blanc, two dashes of bitters. Shake over crushed ice. Pour into a chilled glass. **Add a twist of lemon peel.**

—

USP The beautiful Vesper Lynd took her name from this cocktail. Or was it the other way around? You won't care either way after a couple of these.





50

THE LEAGUE OF REGRETTABLE SUPERHEROES: HALF-BAKED HEROES FROM COMIC BOOK HISTORY, BY JON MORRIS

Super-zeros

The producers of the upcoming *Ant-Man* movie ought to hand this book out at cinemas. Sure, it's easy to snicker at a ridiculously named "super" hero who can shrink to the size of the titular insect, but comic history is littered with way worse ideas, as Morris proves. Kangaroo Man? Fatman: The Human Flying Saucer? The Ferret? Matter-Eater Lad? They're all here.

—

USP Comic in every sense of the word **—** these forgotten corners of pop culture will not fail to raise a laugh.

Out on 23 July (quirkbooks.com); Ant-Man is out on 17 July



WORDS BY PETER AINSWORTH, ALEX BILMES, SIMON BROOKE, MIRANDA COLLINGE, JOHNNY DAVIS, RACHEL FELLOWS, BRENDAN FITZGERALD, CHARLIE TEASDALE, ADAM THORN, PAUL WILSON | HEARST STUDIOS | GETTY

THE LAST GASPER?

FOR 40 YEARS, SMOKING CIGARETTES HAS BEEN AS FUNDAMENTAL TO WILL SELF'S WAY OF LIFE AS EATING AND SLEEPING (OFTEN MUCH MORE SO). LATELY, THOUGH, HE'S A CHANGED MAN, THANKS TO A NEW ADDICTION: VAPING. ACCORDING TO OUR ORALLY FIXATED CORRESPONDENT, THE PLEASURES OF THE PLASTIC FAG ARE MANY. SO START SUCKING NOW, SMOKERS, BEFORE SOMEONE TRIES TO BAN THEM



Vape trailer:
Yes, you can look cool
with an e-cigarette

One thing needs to be made clear at the outset and painfully so: I am a smoker. True, I no longer smoke tobacco in the traditional cylindrical delivery systems, but such is the duration, consistency, and application with which I have smoked this crop in the past, it would be ridiculous to imagine its stubble can ever be grubbed-up; in this world, or the next. In my holier moments, I picture myself, standing on a vaporous cloud, wings outspread, halo at a rakish angle and cupping my hand round a Player's No 6 as I receive the eternal flame from St Peter's never-to-be-disposed-of lighter. Yes, yes, a Player's No 6! An extinct cigarette brand from that distant era, the Seventies — when I began puffing — because after all, if I'm to be resurrected, why shouldn't they?

I picture all those long-dead butts uncrumpling and stretching out wanly towards the light: the No 6s and their skinnier, cheaper siblings, the No 10s; the acrid, filterless Player's Weights (that once upon a time were indeed sold by weight rather than number); the sophisticated Peter Stuyvesants (in the soft pack), and the cotton-wool-tasting Kensitas... Oh, where are the gaspers of yesteryear? Well, the answer is: encrypted in my every pained wheeze and tremulous aspiration, for I smoked 'em all up! There were whole years lost in the bluey-grey thickets that sprang from the tips of Camels and Marlboros, decades rolled on while I rolled my own. At no time between when I first pinched a bone-dry Senior Service from my grandfather's silver box (1973), and reading Allen Carr's *The Easy Way to Stop Smoking* (2000), did I seriously try and cut down, let alone cease, and in 1992, while working on my first novel, for a short period I reached the sublimely oxygen-free summit of choking down 100 fags a day. Yet, the only reason I read Carr's book was that I kept finding myself standing in front of the window of G Smith & Sons, an upmarket tobacconists on the Charing Cross Road, and ogling the briar tobacco pipes on display the way healthier men ogle naked women (or naked men for that matter).

Terrified that I might become a pipe-smoking old duffer, I gave up tobacco altogether — for a year. It was fine: I felt better, quicker, smarter and faster. I didn't even miss tobacco (much), and I had no difficulties writing. There was only one problem: never the most sociable cove to begin with, I now had a pathological dread of being with *anyone* at all. Moreover, in my sequestration, febrile fantasies began to plague me: I thought of taking up other drugs again, mind-bending ones; or having an affair with a bodybuilder just so I could rub up against their steroid-soaked flesh.

In the end, I cracked and within days I owned no fewer than three pipes and a wide selection of tobacco blends with names like De Luxe Navy Rolls and Squadron Leader. If my first smoking phase had a slipstream-lined intensity, my second one was positively baroque: at one point I had a cigar dealer who visited the house weekly, armed with a Gladstone bag full of smuggled Havanas, so I could load up with a box of Hoyo de Monterrey Petit Robustos. I haunted luxury tobacconists, buying hundreds of pounds' worth of accessories. I arranged travels abroad just so I could obtain my favoured black tobacco rolling blends; and if friends were headed anywhere exotic, I urged them to score some of the local gear and bring it back for me. There's a cabinet in my writing room full of weird and pokey stuff; I've never risked the Gambian snuff, or too many of the gold-tipped Malaysian clove cigarettes.

Now, please bear in mind, that a smoking addiction of such complexity and longevity is not amenable to any form of reason. As with a necrotic bacterium, the spirochetes of habituation have spread throughout its victim's brain, deeply altering his personality, his interpersonal psychology, his sense of space, time and even spirituality, for is not La Diva Nicotina a sort of goddess? Even so, when my doctor told me I had chronic bronchitis and then said, deadpan, "This is how it's going to be from here on in," I did decide to cut down. (Please note: she was too savvy to mention the C-word, always a red rag to the bullish puffer, whose soaring anxiety levels lead him, at once, to reach for what Martin Amis once termed "a fiery treat".) This went fairly well — I settled on puffing just three fags a day, cut out the Hoyos and the pipefuls of Velvan Plug, and began fetishising replacement nicotine delivery systems: gum, lozenges and this stuff called *snus* — small, tea-bag-like pouches full of macerated tobacco that are the Scandinavians' favoured fix. (It's these that bulge under the lips of horn-headed detectives in TV series like *The Killing* and *The Bridge*.) In order to keep its strength, snus has to be kept at below 9°C: reader, I bought a miniature fridge.



Before
Non-filter cigarettes were Will Self's vice

I was also abetted in my reduction programme by Her Majesty's Government; the ban on smoking in public places effectively destroyed the smoking culture of yore: I wanted to spark a cigar the size of a baby's forearm then blow weightless brown hanks over the remains of my heavy dinner, not quit the restaurant to stand in a freezing, blowing alleyway, rasping the smoke into my lungs. Some say that tobacco suppresses the appetite, but it turned out it was the only thing keeping me eating at all; once the smoking ban came in, I found I had no reason to visit restaurants whatsoever.

Still, in 2012, my programme ran off the rails. A combination of stresses and strains saw me abandon all restraint, and soon enough I was back up on that airless summit, touching the pristine tip of one filterless Camel to the smouldering arse-end of the last, as if miming some disturbing sexual act.

Fast forward to September of last year, and picture Poor Old Fred smoking in bed. (This was a novelty ashtray that I remember from the Sixties: a charred skeleton reposing on a bed-cum-grave, with "Poor Old Fred, he smoked in bed" carved in the pillow-cum-gravestone. It was an innocent era!) In the darkness, my exhalations seemed hardly more substantial than myself; clearly, it was time to pack it in. I went back to my former regime: cut to three fags a day, and began divesting myself of one of the finest tobacco collections known to man. The aim was to go down to two fags a day in October, one in November, and be off altogether in December — I'd allow myself as much snus, gum, lozenges and patches as I required until February — then I'd wean myself off the evil fucking drug altogether. As Martin Luther King proclaimed so rousingly after quitting his own 60-a-day Chesterfield habit: "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty...!"



But then came vaping. Naturally — or rather, unnaturally — I'd vaped before; you don't get to be a nabob of nicotine such as I without trying every hit that's going, whether it's chewing *pitjuri* with desert aboriginals, or dipping snuff with duelling banjo-pickers in the Appalachians. (The former was way more scary: *pitjuri*, a scrubby little weed, contains oodles of nornicotine, a far stronger compound of the drug; in my trance I encountered the aborigines' Rainbow Spirit, and he took a dim view of my shenanigans.) Around 2005, my friend Nicky had one of the early e-cigarettes which was made by a company called Gamucci. It looked like a plastic fag and did nothing for me whatsoever: the vapour was as ethereal as the ghost of a net curtain; the "throat hit" (a disturbing coinage we'll be mulling over a lot more in what follows) was as feeble as a newborn's right hook; and although people at parties were intrigued by the thing, I knew I looked like a wally sucking on this ineffectual teat, and after a few weeks messing around with the thing — it was a fucker to charge — I relapsed into time-honoured combustion.

Even when, four or five years ago, the clouds of vapour began to mushroom, I remained steadfast in my opposition to vaping: "What's the point," I'd lecture anyone I could bully into listening, "in giving up smoking by taking up a simulacrum of smoking — Christ knows our lives are already inauthentic enough, do we really need this ersatz puffing?" I saw men my own age, grizzled veterans of the early morning expectoration, happily vaping. Others assured me that the throat hit had been sorted out, as had the flavouring of the e-liquids, while the health risks remained, putatively, non-existent. Still I resisted: it was too late for this leopard to change his tarry spots, better to erase them altogether.

Then my wife, who had tamed her own savage fag habit by heavy vaping, gave me one of the damned things for Christmas and, rather than offend her, I assembled the gizmo. I realised what successful vaping required was a suspension of disbelief: it was important not to think of it as a substitute for smoking at all, because there were so many fundamental differences. The taste of the e-liquid was cleaner and more wholesome than tobacco; the throat hit was more accurately targeted and so less harsh; and the vapour cloud wasn't like the smoke one at all. At a subconscious level, the tobacco-smoker registers his smoke: the bluey shreds and curlicues pluming from the lit tip; the brownish puffs and mini-cumuli expelled from the damp lungs; all are combined into a miniature atmosphere that enshrouds Planet Me. It is this profound sense of autonomy gifted by his personal thunderhead that makes it possible for the smoker to ignore the reality: he's just one more of the myriad drones whose behaviour is severely restricted — and whose lifespan is severely curtailed — by this picayune addiction.

But vaping produces only water vapour, and whether inhaled or not, the vape cloud has the same hue and dynamic: a steamy, greyish-white plume that rapidly disperses

IN 1992, I WAS CHOKING DOWN 100 FAGS A DAY



into the kind of *sfumato* Renaissance painters delighted in creating, a tawny-golden haze, softening the Apennine peaks ahead and filling in the Umbrian valleys behind. The vape cloud reminded me of an installation the artist Antony Gormley made for a retrospective of his work at the Hayward Gallery in 2007. "Blind Light" was a rectangular glass cabinet full of water vapour; art-lovers could enter and wander about in this damp and clingy opacity, occasionally looming into one another. The effect was to simultaneously encourage a sense of intimacy, while rendering those you were closing in on entirely anonymous, whether you knew them or not. And, of course, that's the experience of vaping as well, because as with any new fad or habit on the scene, its adopters find themselves thrown together in makeshift comity:

MY ADVICE: GET STEAMING WHILE YOU STILL CAN



standing on street corners, waiting for public transport, we vapers strike up conversations about our kit a**nd our gear, then we move** on to discuss the weather, and how we're making it ourselves.

The more I vaped, the more I realised that the vape cloud was also beautifully expressive of the whole essence of vaping: for this was no crude organic process of combustion ending in ash and cremains, but a digitally-calibrated, electronic one, worthy of a brave new world! Yes, yes, dear reader: you've guessed it, it took only the spirit of Christmas to do the nasty trick and by the time Boxing Day dawned, I had become powerfully and hopelessly addicted to vaping. As is my nature, I began lecturing on the subject at once, observing to my long-suffering spouse that vaping was really a perfect example of human ingenuity: smoking had been digitised and rendered harmless — it was one small puff for a man, one giant hit for mankind! The brilliance of designing the vape pens with LED readouts (my iTazte features variable wattage, voltage and a "hit counter"); the efficiency of supplying them with USB-plug chargers, so they become another computer peripheral; and the heft of the things — all of it can be described by one word: genius.



And yet there's no single individual who we can laud as the inventor of this revolutionary device. The vape pen — unlike the telephone or the steam locomotive — has no Bell or Stephenson who can step forward and receive our sweetened and cloudy acclamation. Almost uniquely among the **digital technologies that have transforme**d our lives in the past quarter-century, the fully-effective vape pen has shimmered into being due to collective endeavour: somewhere in the wilds of the Pearl River Delta, where the boatmen fish with trained cormorants and the world's microprocessors are finickied into being by hundreds of thousands of hair-netted finickers, one factory manager had the idea of seeing if he could devise an electronic device that would replicate the experience of smoking while not generating the notoriously toxic smoke. Apparently — or so the folk tales have it — his initial design was refined by many others, working selflessly, collectively, until this great benison of mankind reached its current, highly-efficient form.

That the vape pen should've been created in the shadow of the giant Foxconn factories makes perfect sense; after all, while the English-speaking world once smoked, in China they're still bang at it; moreover there's an intensity and commitment to Chinese smoking that puts the rest of us puffers to shame. My favourite book about tobacco use, Ian Gately's *La Diva Nicotina: the Story of How Tobacco Seduced the World* (2001), begins with its author on a train in China sitting with a full compartment-load of native puffers. When Gately refuses the cigarette offered him (he has never smoked), the Chinese are utterly bewildered — and one of them explains in halting English that they have never encountered anyone before who *doesn't* smoke! So, there's this socio-cultural suitability, and there's also the technological evolution: in the field of Sinology there's something known as "the Needham Question", which was proposed by the British historian and biochemist, Joseph Needham. The question is this: given that China has the oldest continuous civilisation on earth, and that the Chinese invented a whole host of technologies — from printing, to explosives, to ocean-going ships — many centuries before the upstart West, how is it possible to explain the relative backwardness of their material culture since the 1500s?

There are many different approaches to the Needham Question, but one solution to it has taken very solid shape in the Pearl River Delta. Observing the great technological leap forward in the last 20 years or so, it becomes increasingly likely that the retarding of Chinese technology was simply a half-millennium-long hiatus, and that with the inception of the new digital economy, China is once more assuming its rightful and eternal position as *the* dominant human culture. Moreover, there is one great innovation that

establishes this supremacy beyond any cavilling — no *hong mao guizi* ("red-haired devil") can look upon the gleaming perfection of a well-designed (and beautifully finickied) vape pen without being overpowered by a deep and abiding sense of his own inferiority: let us bow down before the sun that rises in the east! Let's face it, what's more important to us, representative democratic institutions and the rule of law, or a harmless and effective nicotine-delivery system? Well, I for one may not have come up with the answer to the Needham Question, but I know the answer to the question of the chronically needy: yes.

Not, you appreciate, that I go on about such things when I'm hanging with my vaping buddies. Up in leafy Hampstead, once the preserve of donkey-jacketed old lefties, now a clone-brand-logo zone like any other, there's a gaff called the Vape Emporium full of young men (and some women) whose extravagant beards are wreathed in nicotinous haze. At the Vape Emporium, I buy my stocks of Red Vape Havano Gold and other exotic e-liquids; I sit in the broken-down leather armchairs and sip on new scented vapours and discuss the lifespan of coils (the electrical component that heats the e-liquid and turns it into drug-steam); we set the world to rights and survey the ease and legality of vaping in myriad jurisdictions — is it true that one can vape in airplane toilets? Will a double-inhalation render the vape cloud transparent? Are the tales of vapers being arrested in Singapore exaggerations?

Since I began vaping, I have, of course, been testing the limits of its social acceptability. I've vaped on the train and the bus; in cafés, bars and restaurants; I've vaped while recording radio programmes, and during television interviews. I'm waiting for someone to object, but they haven't yet: it seems that anti-vaping has yet to get going in a big way, at least at the social and interpersonal level. And why should it? The vape cloud disperses in seconds, while harming no one (including the vaper himself) in the process. Standing on tube station platforms, two great diaphanous tusks of vapour curving down from my nostrils, I feel more alive than I have in years — it could be the nicotine, or it could be that vaping, by making us airier and more insubstantial, confirms in us the truth about human existence. One recalls Prospero's impassioned speech at the start of the final act of *The Tempest*: "We are such stuff, As dreams are made on, And our little life, Is rounded with a... vape."

Still, not only should joy not be unconfined, we may as well face the uncomfortable truth, one that dawned on me after about three days of heavy, happy vaping: if something is this good THEY always want to control and ultimately ban it. In the East, where the tobacco lobby is still firmly entrenched, it's their lobbying behind the scenes that's putting the vaporous interloper under threat. However, in the West, where successive governments have found spurious moral kudos in banning public smoking (while continuing to top-load their tax base with tobacco duty), vaping presents a more serious philosophic challenge. When I began working on this article, *Esquire*'s editor, furtive puff-man Alex Bilmes, responded to my newfound enthusiasm for the practice thus: "Yes, but can anyone truly look cool while vaping?" To which the only possible response was: surely, coolness is in the eye of the beholder? And vape pens are undeniably cool-looking bits of kit, what with their shiny, steely, glassy components and their slim, jet-streamed nacelles, they have far more potential for being reconfigured as stylish items of personal adornment than the case, lighters and holders associated with their moribund and stinking predecessor.

And that's the real problem in a glass tank: my vape stick, the silvery iTazte, fitted with a still shinier Nautilus Mini tank, looks uncomfortably like the sort of antique glass syringe Sherlock Holmes would've used to inject his seven per cent solution of cocaine. It's this blurring of the species-barrier between therapeutics and recreational drug-taking that THEY will not abide, for it trespasses on the most heavily-guarded monopoly there is in our economies: medicine. Only doctors are allowed to peddle mood-altering drugs in our societies (with the obvious, and therefore vexed exceptions of nicotine and alcohol), and they are extremely protective of their monopoly. Take my word on it: within five years, vaping will be under strict controls of one sort or another; either medical ones, so that you have to get a prescription for e-liquid, or commercial ones that make it prohibitively expensive (and stop the market diversifying). Either way, THEY will do all they can to stop the fun. So, take my advice, and get steaming while you can, because only that way will you have the opportunity to find out what it feels like not just to be an ex-smoker, but a former vaper as well.

After
Since Christmas,
Will smokes vapes



GETTY I HEARST STUDIOS



Prisoners on the roof of Strangeways prison in April 1990. Authorities tried various tactics to force them down, including playing Barry Manilow songs – very loudly

“Fuck your system! Fuck your rules!”

In April 1990, the most serious prison riot in British history began at Strangeways in Manchester. For 25 days, the nation was held spellbound by extraordinary footage from outside the prison walls and reports of terrible violence within. A quarter of a century later, Noel “Razor” Smith, himself a former inmate of Strangeways, talks to those involved, examines events leading up to the riot and asks whether conditions have improved since — or if it is only a matter of time before it happens again





On 1 April 1990, Paul Taylor, a small-time crook from Birkenhead, rose from his seat in Strangeways' prison chapel and strode up to the altar during Sunday service. He took the microphone from Father Noel Proctor, who had been addressing the congregation, and spoke to the 309 prisoners present. The sermon was being recorded for a prayer group and Taylor can clearly be heard shouting: "I would just like to say, right, that this man has just talked about the blessing of the heart and how a hardened heart can be delivered. No it cannot — not with resentment, anger, bitterness and hatred being instilled in people."

Another prisoner joined in, roaring, "Fuck your system! Fuck your rules!" This was followed by applause and angry cheers. An officer tried to intervene but was punched to the ground by Taylor, before inmates ripped the keys from his belt and turned on the remaining staff, who panicked and fled from the chapel under a hail of blows from the makeshift weapons crafted by smashing up furniture. The Strangeways Riot had started.

The title of "Britain's worst prison" has been attached to a number of institutions over the years, but in the Eighties that dubious epithet was taken by Strangeways, now known as HM Prison Manchester. In the latter part of the 20th century, there were certain prisons in this country that had such fearsome reputations for violence, brutality and ill-treatment that inmates would attempt suicide rather than allow themselves to be transferred to them. Strangeways was up there with the worst.

The officers were mostly tough ex-servicemen who treated prisoners like the enemy and afforded them little mercy. Beatings by gangs of screws were commonplace and anyone who tried to complain would soon wish they hadn't bothered.

"The screws wouldn't take any shit from prisoners in Strangeways," said John "Shotgun" Shelly, an armed robber who was serving time for shooting a drug dealer in the head at point-blank range. "They boasted they were the biggest and hardest gang and would do anyone who dared to take them on. With terrible conditions in the jail and a bad attitude from the officers, the riot was a chance for us to be on top for a change."

Above
The jail shortly after the riots

Opposite, top
The damage on the cell-floor landings was so bad Strangeways required a £100m refurbishment

Middle
Prisoner Alan Lord, who acted as negotiator, holds up a sign: "Our supply of food and water is sufficient enough to sustain for weeks, possible months"

Bottom
Injured prison officers being evacuated from Strangeways by riot police

Strangeways had been ripe for rebellion. Officially, the prison only had space for 970 men, but it was heavily overcrowded in 1990 with 1,647 packed two and three into cells that had originally been built for one occupant. It was a crumbling, depressing Victorian warehouse where prisoners were given nothing and plenty of it.

As an ex-prisoner who has spent more than three decades in and out of the British penal system, I had spent a couple of months in Strangeways in 1988 and found it to be a cesspit that stank of urine, faeces and ancient body odour. The screws had a bad reputation for violence and brutality against prisoners and I witnessed several assaults by staff even in the short time I was held there. The prison had a bad atmosphere, too, and felt constantly on the edge of kicking off. It came as no surprise to me when the place finally erupted.

In his subsequent report into the Strangeways riot, Lord Justice Woolf, who headed the inquiry, described the conditions in the months leading

GETTY | PA

up to the riot as "intolerable" and viewed a "combination of errors" by staff and management at the prison as a central contributing factor to the troubles.

The Woolf Inquiry heard evidence from both prisoners and staff that in the weeks preceding the revolt, dozens of messages were given to the authorities in the prison warning that there was to be a major protest in the chapel, some even giving the date as 1 April and naming the ringleaders. The staff were told that some of the prisoners were going to be "tooled up" (prison parlance for being armed with weapons).

According to evidence given to the inquiry, on the night before the riot, an unnamed prisoner passed a note under his cell door to the night-patrol staff warning that the prison was "going up" next morning in the chapel. The authorities responded by doubling the number of officers in the chapel to 14 and refusing permission for any sex offenders or other prisoners on the protection wings to attend the service, knowing they would be instant targets for violence if it did kick off. The fact they expected just 14 officers to control more than 300 pissed-off prisoners bent on venting their feelings, after being repeatedly warned in advance of trouble, speaks of either dangerous complacency or extreme arrogance on the part of the authorities, in my opinion.

In order to understand what could make prisoners turn on their captors and try to pull down the system, you have to look at how the system worked, or didn't, in the first place. Having spent time in more than 38 prisons, I can personally testify to some of the brutal practices, from my first taste of incarceration in 1975 up to and, in some cases, beyond the riots.

Prisoners were treated like cattle, screws ruled with an iron fist and anyone who dared to question them was dealt with via a good kicking and a long period in solitary confinement in a strip-cell (a bare cell with nothing but a blanket and a piss-bucket). Local prisons, such as Strangeways, were often crowded, filthy hellholes where concepts such as dignity and decency were left at the main gate.

In 1990, prisoners were still "slopping out": every morning when the cells were opened there would be a line of prisoners queuing up to empty their pots and buckets of bodily waste into a central sluice on each landing. The smell was horrendous, like an ante-chamber of hell, and the sluice could often not handle the sheer volume of effluent and would invariably flood, spilling its contents over the side and onto the floor.





Often prisoners would be gingerly stepping through pools and rivulets of faeces-tainted urine that would drip over the edge of the landings and on to the heads of anyone unwary enough to be passing below. Tempers would fray during slop-out time as queue-jumpers attempted to empty their mess and invariably ended up rolling around the pissy floor with angry objectors. And this was all before breakfast — every day.

The Woolf Inquiry was told that in the week prior to the riot, relations between prisoners and staff hit new lows. On 26 March, a prisoner named Barry Morton was beaten by prison officers after being taken to the punishment block to be searched for drugs after a visit from his mother. Morton was released from the block and back on to normal location with a black eye and broken nose.

The following day, he and a prisoner called Tony Bush, who also claimed to have been punched around by staff in the punishment block, managed to climb on to the prison roof and staged a 24-hour protest about staff brutality. On 31 March, it was reported that an unnamed black prisoner was ›




PEBBLE'S
19

At midday on the first day, almost all staff had deserted the prison; inside it was described as a "war zone"

seriously assaulted by prison staff, in full view of other inmates, and injected with Largactil, know to prisoners as "the liquid cosh".

Alan Lord was 28 at the time of the riots. Originally from North Manchester, he was convicted of murder during the course of a street robbery in 1981 when he was 19. Lord was handed a life sentence with a recommended tariff of 15 years, and was in the chapel at Strangeways on that fateful Sunday morning. He subsequently became the prisoners' main negotiator during the 25-day siege at the prison. He remembers the brutality of Strangeways well.

Finally released in December 2012 after serving 32 years in prison, he has spoken about his involvement for the first time. "It was always brutal in Strangeways," Lord says. "It was the norm in there for the screws to dish out daily beatings, especially to the young and vulnerable lads. They were on a power trip because they had been getting away with it for so long."

Paul Taylor, the prisoner who initiated the riot in the chapel, was 25 and had spent most of his life first in care, then in and out of juvenile and finally adult jails. At the time of the riot he was serving three years for theft, deception and assault. He had been assaulted by prison officers during a previous sentence at Strangeways. No stranger to violence himself, he usually tried to give as good as he got.

So, when he and 309 others burst out of the chapel at Strangeways that Sunday morning, like most of them, he was looking for a bit of payback. Some prisoners were armed with fire extinguishers, table legs and metal fire buckets. Someone shouted, "Let's do it! Get the bastards", and several prison officers were attacked and chased down the landings. More keys were seized.

By noon, rioting prisoners, their numbers now swelled by those whose cell doors had been unlocked by the initial rioters, had control of most of the prison. The Woolf Inquiry heard evidence from four officers who guarded C wing — the "protection" area where sex offenders were segregated for their own safety under the notorious "Rule 43" — who managed to unlock and evacuate 73 of them before the rioters stormed the wing baying for blood. Seven were left locked in their cells, as were around 20 on E wing.

Left
At the end of the first night, 800 prisoners surrendered while another 400 followed over the next few days, leaving behind a hard core who held out on the roof for 25 days

"I made a point of seeking out a nonce who the *Manchester Evening News* reported was charged with the attempted rape of a six-year-old girl," Paul Taylor said. "I found him and attacked him quite badly. He was thrown over the landing and then attacked by a gang of young prisoners as well. He was quite severely injured."

All of the sex offenders were dragged, absolutely terrified and screaming, from their cells and attacked by gangs of prisoners. Derek White, who had been charged with indecent assault and buggery, suffered serious head wounds and died in North Manchester General Hospital on 3 April. White's was the only death among the Rule 43 prisoners, but that was not through lack of trying by the rioters. If there is one group whom prisoners detest even more than bullying and brutal staff, it is sex offenders.

"The nonces were screaming like they had made their fucking victims scream," Shotgun Shelly told me later. "I was gutted that only one of the dirty bastards died but all of them were seriously injured. I heard later that some of them were castrated, good enough for them."

Alan Lord has little sympathy for those prisoners who were attacked when the riots started to kick off: "Personally, I was not around when the attacks on the nonces were taking place, I was up on the roof. I do not condemn what the prisoners did to them because I think they deserved everything they got. Anyone who abuses women or children deserves whatever comes their way. I heard they got a good beating."

At midday on that first day, almost all of the staff had deserted the prison and David Evans, the general secretary of the Prison Officers' Association, described conditions inside the prison as a "war zone". He told the media: "It is impossible for the officers to get into certain sections of the prison and establish the exact number of casualties because the prisoners have control and they (the staff) are attacked and pelted with missiles."

Several areas of the prison were burning and Manchester Police had set up a cordon around the jail in case any prisoners tried to escape. Strangeways' governor Brendan O'Friel later told the inquiry: "We had about 200 staff on duty, and we must have lost nine or 10 as casualties. I tell you what really bugged us was the element of April Fools' about it. We rang off-duty staff to call them in and most of them said, 'You must be joking, is this an April Fools'?'"

In the meantime, the prisoners were busy ransacking the hospital wing in a hunt for drugs, and the kitchen stores for food. Convicted London armed robber and Category A prisoner Kevin Brown, who was serving 17 years at the time, said: "I was only up there for a 'laydown' [a punishment transfer from another prison] and when the lads broke me out of my cell I couldn't believe what I was seeing! There were cons all over the gaff, screeching like lunatics and armed with all sorts of home-made weapons. It was chaos.

"I made my way to the kitchens where we found freezers full of steaks, chops and joints of meat that were obviously meant for the screws as the food prisoners were served in Strangeways wasn't fit for dogs. A few of us made a fire and started cooking."

Brown was grabbed by a "control and restraint" snatch squad after three days on the loose in the prison ›

GETTY

and shipped out. The initial euphoria of the prisoners at being released from their cells and being allowed to take a bit of revenge on their captors and surroundings was short-lived.

"At first there was mayhem," Alan Lord said. "As soon as the doors started opening, everyone was running all over the place. The mood was electrifying with inmates shouting and cheering. But a good majority of prisoners gave themselves up by the end of the first day. Some even just went back to their cells to await their fate."





On that Sunday evening, more than 800 prisoners had given themselves up, and in the next few days another 400 were captured by HMP snatch squads, usually after vicious hand-to-hand fighting, and removed from the prison. The remaining hard core of rioters took to the roof and barricaded any route up to their vantage point.

Wearing items of uniform discarded by prison staff, including officers' hats, they spent the next 22 days throwing tiles at police and prison staff and shouting to family members, media and the public who had gathered outside the walls. They held up prison-issue sheets with hand-scrawled messages of protest and defiance. They danced and capered around the roof in a show of defiance. The authorities responded by trying to stop them sleeping at nights — shining strong lights on to the roof and playing loud noises including hammers on corrugated iron, blaring music, women's voices and barking dogs — while prison officers banged their shields with batons and shouted insults at the remaining hold-outs and regularly fired high-powered water hoses at the roof. Any prisoner who ventured down into the prison was quickly snatched by waiting patrols.



Before long, news of the uprising spread: riots and disturbances broke out in 23 other prisons in England, Scotland and Wales while a media circus descended on Strangeways, photographing and filming the staunchest rioters holding banners and giving clenched fist salutes while perched on the roof. Prisoners had finally had enough and the events at Strangeways showed them that now was the time to rise up and make their feelings known.

Alan Lord, as lead negotiator between the rioters and the authorities, presented the prisoners' demands. They wanted: improved visiting facilities, including the right to physical contact with their visitors and a children's play area; Category A prisoners (the highest security inmates) to be allowed to wear their own clothes; longer exercise periods; and an end to 23 hours a day locked up in their cells.

They outlined their grievances to *Manchester Evening News'* editor Michael Unger, who was allowed into the prison as an "independent observer" to speak to the rioters. Their grievances included mental and physical brutality, poor food and conditions, and the misuse of the "liquid cosh" to control prisoners.

On the 23rd day, Alan Lord was called down from the roof to talk to the authorities about meeting the prisoners' demands, but he was jumped by a snatch squad and shipped off to another prison.

By 25 April, there were just five prisoners left on the roof. They were almost out of the food they had hauled up from the kitchen stores and the daily soakings and noise had worn them down. They agreed to end their protest and they were taken down from the roof in a cherry picker. Paul Taylor was the last man down, setting foot on the hydraulic platform at 6.24pm. The longest prison riot in British history was finally at an end.



In total, 194 people were injured — 47 prisoners and 147 officers — and two died: sex offender Derek White and prison officer Walter Scott, who suffered a heart attack. Much of the Victorian jail was destroyed and had to undergo a £100m refurbishment before being renamed HM Prison Manchester.

In the trials following the riot, 23 prisoners were sentenced to 140 years' additional imprisonment for what the prison governor described as "an explosion of evil". Ringleaders Alan Lord and Paul Taylor received sentences of 10 years each for prison mutiny, but were acquitted of the murder of Derek White. When passing sentence on the rioters, the judge remarked, "You had your period of arrogance, but now the price must be paid and paid by you."

Taylor served his time and was released. He now says he regrets all of his acts of violence on that day. In 2010, he told the *Manchester Evening News*: "A lot of prisoners had come through the care system and had been physically or sexually abused. They feel outraged when they read of a child or woman or elderly person attacked. Their outrage is rooted in their own experience and humanity."



Alan Lord served 32 years; his sentence was extended again because of several prison escapes. He now runs his own gym and has written a book about his time at Strangeways.

The subsequent Woolf Report led to an overhaul in UK prison standards, with a recommendation that toilets be installed in all cells. At the time of going to press, there are 84,121 people in prison nationwide, 8,925 more than can be officially held in a "good, decent standard of accommodation". The new HM Prison Manchester has 1,114 inmates, 149 more than it ideally should but less than its "operational capacity". On a typical day there, 560 inmates double-up (two sharing cells designed for one), according to the Howard League for Penal Reform.

Meanwhile, an investigation in 2010 by the Independent Monitoring Board, which examines prison welfare, found that toilets still don't exist in 2,000 cells across 10 prisons, meaning "slopping out" still persists — though not in Manchester.

Labour MP Paul Stinchcombe, talking in Parliament about the riot on the 10th anniversary of the Woolf Report, said: "Overcrowding is the core problem facing prisons. It has been described by the head of the Prison Service as a scourge, by Lord Woolf as a cancer and by Christopher Scott, the former president of the Prison Governors Association, as an obscenity." HM Prison Manchester celebrates its 150th anniversary in 2018.

Noel Smith's book, The Alphabet of Crime (Penguin), is out later this year; Alan Lord's book, Life in Strangeways: from Riots to Redemption (John Blake) is out on 2 April

Opposite, top
Paul Taylor, who started the riot in the chapel, was the last man to give himself up

Middle
The grounds outside the prison were littered with slates, hurled by prisoners down towards guards below

Bottom
Defiant prisoners strip naked on the 18th day of the protest

This page, top
Paul Taylor and another prisoner are hosed down by water cannons on Strangeways' roof

Centre
The final rioters step on board the hydraulic platform to surrender

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **DANI BRUBAKER**
STYLING BY **GAELLE PAUL**
INTERVIEW BY **JOHNNY DAVIS**

BETTER OVERHAUL SAUL

ON TV, BOB ODENKIRK IS THE SHAMBOLIC ALBUQUERQUE ATTORNEY SAUL GOODMAN. FOR ESQUIRE, HE'S CHIC AND SLEEK IN SPRING'S SHARPEST SUITS



ALFRED DUNHILL

Navy checked wool ***suit****, £1,425; white cotton* ***shirt****, £330; navy silk* ***tie****, £95, all by Alfred Dunhill. Black leather* ***shoes****, £435, by Church's*

PAUL SMITH

*Navy wool **suit**, £900; blue/white cotton **shirt**, £100; brown silk knitted **tie**, £95, all by Paul Smith. Rose gold-plated stainless steel **watch** with blue leather strap, £305, by Thomas Sabo*



BOSS

Grey checked wool **suit**, *£500; blue/ white striped cotton* **shirt**, *£190; black textured silk* **tie**, *£75, all by Boss*





RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL

Black/grey checked wool ***suit****, £2,300; white cotton* ***shirt****, £435, both by Ralph Lauren Purple Label. Navy silk* ***tie****, £115, by Ralph Lauren Black Label*

J CREW

Blue chambray ***jacket****, £360; white cotton* ***shirt****, £100; black/white textured wool* ***tie****, £70, all by J Crew*

Last year, Bob Odenkirk got invited to the Oscars. He was there for *Nebraska*, Alexander Payne's unsentimental road movie in which Odenkirk played stoical elder son Ross to Bruce Dern's confused alcoholic dad, Woody. Odenkirk required a tux. In this matter, the producers of the new TV show he was making could offer some assistance. They knew clothes people. They could even get him a discount. "It was still a couple of hundred bucks," he recalls. "I brought it home the night of the Oscars and put it on. And I'm, like: 'Why is this so poorly tailored? It doesn't fit me at all…'" Then he realised why.

The tux had been cut for his character, the occasionally dodgy, always deadpan lawyer Jimmy McGill from *Breaking Bad* prequel *Better Call Saul*. While McGill would eventually become the more sartorially aware Saul Goodman (a name, we learn, meaning "It's all good, man"), when we first meet McGill he's on his uppers. "He doesn't have any money so [the producers] intentionally cut my clothes poorly," Odenkirk explains. "Kind of blocky and wide in the middle, with too much fabric." So this is how he attended his first Academy Awards. "Wearing this tux that didn't fit me at all," he sighs. "Which looked cheap, even though it wasn't."



As we watch McGill become Goodman — "You've seen the stock-motion footage of a caterpillar becoming a butterfly, right?" — his fashion sense evolves, too. A fondness for pastel shirting, quadruple-width French cuffs and jacquard ties, set off with an ostentatious comb-over (Odenkirk's own idea) helped to define his *Breaking Bad* character, and led show creator Vince Gilligan to affectionately label him "The worst-dressed cockroach in the world".

"He's like a crow. He's attracted to shiny objects," Odenkirk says. "But I have sympathy for a guy who's from Chicago and had a spell with some less than high-class characters. He's trying to be impressive and stand out with his choice of overly flamboyant clothes."

As to Odenkirk's own personal style, he describes himself as a "midwestern guy: I wear T-shirts and jeans". He variously describes the chance to play dress-up for *Esquire* as "awesome", "really fun" and "like a comedy sketch where I was the only person laughing". While he found most of the suits "really sharp", he seems genuinely bamboozled by some of the neckwear.

"I don't know about a knit tie," he puzzles. "It feels like a tie you're supposed to wear when you're jogging."

Better Call Saul came out of the blocks sprinting — episode one scored the highest ratings in cable history for a show debut — and settled down to solid figures. A second series has been commissioned for early 2016. That's a big relief for Odenkirk, and presumably an even bigger one for Gilligan, who by revisiting *Breaking Bad* had arguably gambled against the biggest derisive raspberry in TV history. (Until such time as someone proposes *Young Sopranos*, that is.)

"We were aware of the risks, but until two weeks before it premiered I wasn't thinking about how hard we could fall," Odenkirk says. "Then I realised: 'Oh shit.'"

Almost all the main *Breaking Bad* cast joined them for the premiere — "They all love each other and they love Vince for creating *Breaking Bad*" — which brings us to the hot topic of characters returning for *Better Call Saul*. At the time of writing, gangster Tuco Salamanca and retired cop Mike Ehrmantraut have both appeared, with more *Breaking Bad* names promised. A young Walter White? Odenkirk says not.

"Don't forget Walter meets Saul for the first time in *Breaking Bad*. Jesse [Pinkman] already knows him. Hank Schrader already knows him. So maybe we'll see those guys," he smiles. "But I don't know."

Odenkirk, who grew up loving Albert Brooks, Bill Murray and Monty Python and also writes, directs and produces, was already a cult name thanks to his work on American sketch shows *Saturday Night Live* and *Mr Show*, the Emmy-nominated HBO series. Now, at 52, he finds himself a proper star, with not one but two hit programmes under his poorly-fitting belt.

"I watch these shows like anybody, but I'm more surprised than anyone that people gave it a chance," he says. "I promise I gave it my all as an actor. Completely."

Next awards season? Better call a tailor…

Better Call Saul is available on Netflix now



DIOR HOMME

Navy wool ***suit,*** *£2,100; white cotton* ***shirt,*** *£360; navy polka dot silk* ***tie,*** *£125; burgundy leather* ***shoes,*** *£700, all by Dior Homme*



TOMMY HILFIGER

Navy wool checked ***suit****, £350; white cotton* ***shirt****, £130; red silk knitted* ***tie****, £65, all by Tommy Hilfiger*

PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: WAYNE WAKINO | STYLING ASSISTANT: NATHAN UNCE | GROOMING: SYDNEY ZIBRAK AT THE WALL GROUP USING CREME DE LA MER AND KEVIN MURPHY | SEE STOCKISTS PAGE FOR DETAILS

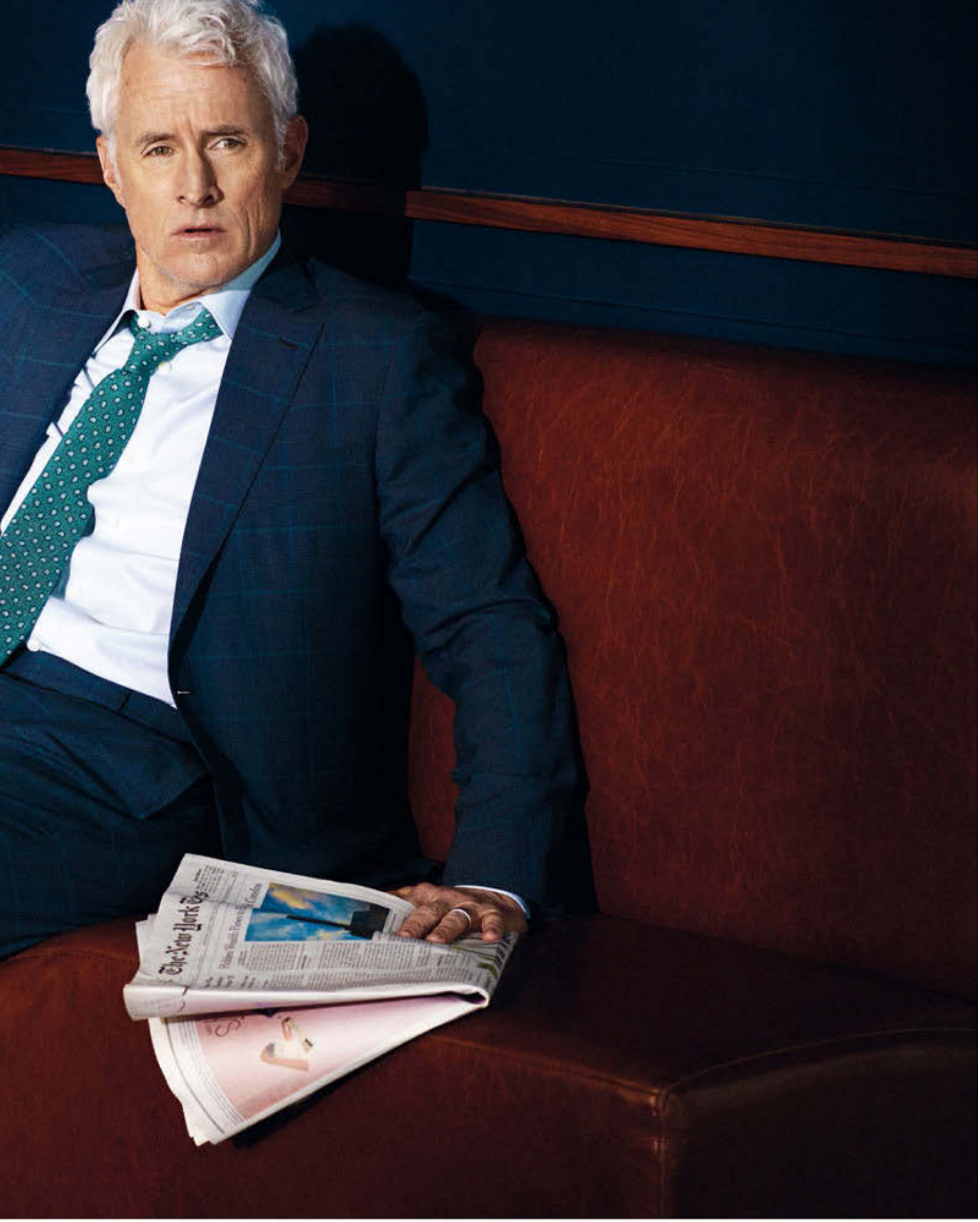

GIORGIO
ARMANI
Black wool suit, £2,100; white cotton shirt, £285; black silk tie, £160, all by Giorgio Armani



PHOTOGRAPHS BY **Neil Gavin**
FASHION BY **Eric Nicholson**

Sterling work

As the preening ad agency president Roger Sterling in Mad Men, John Slattery helped bring razor sharp tailoring back into style. Now, with the hit TV show in its final series, he loosens his tie and pitches a more relaxed look for the coming season



Ermenegildo Zegna Couture

Navy checked wool suit, £2,010; white cotton shirt, £260; green printed silk tie, £135; dark grey leather monk-strap shoes, £490, all by Ermenegildo Zegna Couture. Black cotton socks, £15, by J Crew



Louis Vuitton

Blue wool single-breasted jacket, £1,615; white cotton shirt, £370; blue wool trousers, £570, all by Louis Vuitton. Navy cotton socks, £15, by J Crew. Brown suede Moorby shoes, £295, by Church's



Prada

Navy wool coat, £1,900; brown alpaca wool sweater, £405; blue/black/white striped poplin shirt, £445, all by Prada



Dolce & Gabbana

Grey checked wool coat, from £1,900; grey/navy print silk scarf, from £355; blue/white checked cotton shirt, from £385; blue denim jeans, from £420, all by Dolce & Gabbana

The last time we saw Roger Sterling in *Mad Men*, he was watching Neil Armstrong land on the Moon. Soon, the show will complete its own touchdown, with the final seven episodes airing on Sky Atlantic. It's the completion of a series that played its part in the recent TV drama golden age, as well as exerting a powerful influence over what smart men have worn to work for the past nine years.

Not that John Slattery, who plays Sterling — the sharpest wit and snappiest dresser at Sterling Cooper and Partners since 2007 — is letting much slip about *Mad Men*'s famously well-guarded plotlines: "When I read the final script I was surprised, but it made sense. Matt [Weiner, the show's creator] did a good job of leaving everyone where they should be."

In Roger's case, you imagine that to be with a stiff drink in hand, wearing an impeccably tailored three-piece suit. "The stuff Roger wears this season is a lot of fun," Slattery says. "The late-Sixties was quite a peacock-y time for men's clothes, which is perfect for him. You can picture him looking through a magazine and thinking, 'Finally! Finally, I get to wear an ascot!'"

Mad Men's influence over men's style — at its peak four or five years ago everyone wanted to be as sharply tailored as the early Sixties Roger and his equally dapper colleague Don Draper, tie pins, pocket squares and all — may have reached its natural end, but what will be the legacy of a show most critics would rank among the all-time top ten US TV dramas?

"I think people will revisit *Mad Men* and binge-watch it," says the 52-year-old Bostonian. "My kid is 15 and I look forward to some day when he'll go: 'I've got to watch this'. Maybe in college he'll watch it, because the writing is great and it's so well executed."

The final wrap party took place last year, an event that, given *Mad Men*'s characters were arguably as famous for their boozing as anything else, proved suitably raucous. "It was very sad, but fun," he says. "There were lots of speeches. And it went on into the wee hours. This is not a group of people who have to be encouraged, you know?"

Slattery is relaxed about life after *Mad Men*: "My wife [actress Talia Balsam] just got a good job, so the heat's off. I can be a kept man, just sit around and wave goodbye as she goes to work."

First, though, it's time to bid farewell to Roger Sterling, a man he'll miss as much as the rest of us. "Playing a character with such a sense of humour, someone so confident in his ability to turn a phrase, has been a real pleasure. It's been an amazing ride," he says.

And the clothes? Surely he'll miss having the best wardrobe of any TV character from the past decade, too? "Not really, to be honest. No offence, but I've seen enough of the three-piece suit to last me a lifetime." **Sam Parker**

The final episodes of Mad Men begin on Sky Atlantic on 9 April



Hackett

Cream wool-blend double-breasted suit, £1,200; navy/white micro print shirt, £135, both by Hackett. White leather trainers, £400, by John Lobb. Fawn royal-dot cotton socks, £15, by J Crew. Brown/gold canvas Keepall 60 bag, £1,250, by Louis Vuitton



Hardy Amies

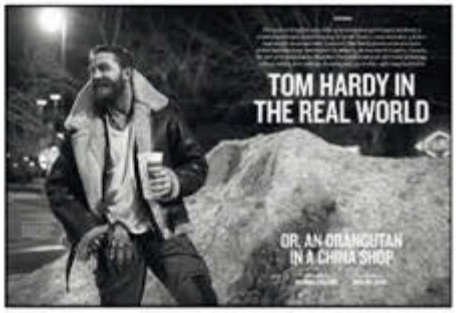
Blue chambray linen-twill checked jacket, £575; pistachio/chalk/blue cashmere scarf, £75; navy cotton-mesh crew neck jumper, £170, all by Hardy Amies

PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANTS: CHRISTIAN COLEMAN, GRADY CORBITT I STYLING ASSISTANTS: BRANDON GARR, LESLIE PADOLL I GROOMING: AMY KOMOROWSKI FOR ART-DEPT.COM I DIGITAL: MARGO STANKIEWICZ I SEE STOCKISTS PAGE FOR DETAILS



Burberry Prorsum

Ink wool double-breasted jacket, £895; ink wool trousers, £495; green cotton caban, £1,695; gold/ochre leather travel satchel, £1,495, all by Burberry Prorsum. Pale blue cotton shirt, £250, by Burberry London



TOM HARDY
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Right now he's in another little pickle. At the pottery place, between slopping coats of beige onto his Bronson mug, he gets a text message. He reads it out in a barely audible mumble and then says, louder, "No means no! But some people don't fucking understand the word, 'no'." Although he doesn't mention any names, it seems someone, who may or may not be Iñárritu, wants him to do something unseemly that wasn't in the script.

"Let's say somebody wanted you to jerk off on a chicken..."

At this perfectly timed moment the two teenage girls pluck up the courage to come over for a picture ("So cool! We knew that you guys are, like, in town!"). By the time they leave, Hardy is muttering something about a three-year-old. Wait, I thought we were talking chickens. "Well, let's up the ante. Character-wise, it's comprehensively brilliant. But I don't feel comfortable about it. I'm hardly Mr Ethical when it comes to my work. I'm happy to go to lots of nasty places, but I didn't see this one coming. I say, 'If it's all right with you, will you let me think about it and do it in my own time?' 'Oh yes, absolutely.' Twenty-four hours later it's on the call sheet to do tomorrow morning. Now you've entered a situation where everybody's on set..."

And you're the arsehole?

"... For not going with it. Not playing ball. And it's like, you know, you've got to watch how you behave. Because I've got the 'he's volatile' thing."

You can't help but feel for him a little. Of course, his are first-world problems, as he'd be the first to admit, but as an actor he has all the exposure and the pressure, but little of the power or the control. "In this game you're going to come up against the machine, which is built to win," he says at one point. (He hints later that whatever it is that he may-or-may-not be being asked to do by a person who may-or-may-not be Iñárritu, he'll probably relent and do it.)

Also, he's got to appease Arthur. Arthur is the orangutan in underpants — "because he's got some modicum of shame" — who lives in Hardy's head. He's the beast inside him, the one who acts out, makes the rash decisions, even though his heart is in the right place. Arthur came about as a way of explaining to himself and to others some of his more inexplicable behaviour: his habit of hitting the button marked "carnage", usually when he had had a drink, but by no means always. But I'll let Hardy explain him:

"If you tell him you don't want him on the treadmill because he's breaking it, he'll get upset. There goes the treadmill. You know what I mean? And he'll get angry and give you a little slap — not a big one, but he'll knock you out, because he's massive. You'll wake up cradled in his arms, and he's howling that he's hurt you, because if you die, so does he. He'll bring you back round and apologise, bring you twigs and all kinds of shit. He'll make up for it. But he's still an orangutan. One has to have respect. Hee hee!"

Yes, Tom Hardy's brain is a magical, mesmerising, befuddling thing. He talks a lot, and with synapses that are constantly firing in all kinds of unexpected directions, like a plate of electrified spaghetti. Conversations constantly veer off wildly. At one point, while driving in the truck, he asked me, apropos of nothing, if I own a Himalayan rock salt lamp. I had no idea what he was talking about, but was pretty sure I didn't. Before I knew it, we were in a New Age shop, the kind of place that sells ceramic angels and books called *All Women Are Healers*, and Hardy was buying me one to take home to sort out the ions in my bedroom, as well as a few trinkets for his military friends ("They can always do with a little bit of help").

Tom Hardy is both a hard man, and a massive softy. And he doesn't do either by half. On the left side of his chest, as he lifts up his shirt to show me (steady, lads), he has a tattoo of a Buddha holding an AK47 assault rifle. He says he's thinking about becoming a vegetarian, then suggests going for a burger ("I did say thinking about it," he points out). He admits that he enjoys a good scrap, but also says that he went fishing recently and couldn't bring himself to kill what he had caught; the whole "taking another life" thing is also the reason he'd never want to join the armed forces.

And he sweats the small stuff. He's the only human being I can think of, let alone Hollywood A-lister, who, after we finish our burgers, puts the unused ketchup sachets back in the tub so as not to waste them. He berates himself for taking up two parking spaces, even though the lot we're in is vast and there are hardly any other cars. Maybe it's because he knows I'm watching, but it doesn't seem like it. Hardy is a man who, after a few mixed-up, muddled-up years, is trying to do the right thing.

But first he has a mug to finish. He's done with the beige, he's painted the moustache black and made two teal circles for eyes. In black fineliner he writes "Bronson" on the back in impressive, spidery script. I point out that a mug dedicated to a notorious hard man might not be the romantic gesture his wife was expecting and he laughs uproariously — "I'm such an idiot! You go with what you know, don't you?" — before drawing a lipstick-red heart inside. He admires my bunny and asks what I'll do with it. I say maybe I'll keep my daughter's teeth in it. "Nice one! Yeah, Idi Amin! Lateral!" he says. Baby teeth, I clarify. "Oh yes, of course."

He offers me a lift back to my hotel and on the way we talk about how he'll achieve what he describes as "joining the normal". He wants more time with his family: he's working on a Ridley Scott-produced BBC drama called *Taboo* with his dad; also, Louis is about to turn seven so he wants to be around more. But *Mad Max* has all the makings of a monster, and even though he's pretty famous now, after the summer he might be really very famous indeed. You don't see Leo down Crock A Doodle, I say.

And then he's off on a monologue that, like most of the things that happen when you're bumbling around with Tom Hardy, goes off in twisty-turny loops and comes out somewhere you didn't in the least expect:

"I don't think Leo chooses to do that stuff, and I don't think it would necessarily be wise for him. But I'm 37, how fucking mega-famous can I get at 37? If I stop myself from going to Crock A Doodle, what a fucking Crock A Cunt I am. Hee! A proper knob. I've properly left East Sheen, haven't I? Never happening. If someone stops me from going to Crock A Doodle they're going to have man-words. From a grown man. Not in a Russell Crowe way, because I don't drink, and I don't have any poetry I want to read you, or a rock'n'roll song I want you to listen to, I have no delusions of grandeur — in that nice way, because actually he's a fucking cool guy — but if I want to go down with my little boy to Crock A Doodle and paint ceramics, I'm doing that. And nothing's going to stop me. Anything else that gets in the way of that goes first. I don't say that lightly. Because I'm financially secure enough to say that, within my means. I'm not a multi-multi-millionaire; I haven't got enough money to survive my whole life and look after my friends and family, but I would rather be able to go to Crock A Doodle, and be with my dogs, and walk down the street, and people know me and say hello. That's great, it's like being a local in an old fashioned sitcom, *Cheers* or whatever, but in real life. You know me? Great. That's cool. Totally. Brilliant. Love it. At least I know I'm not alone in the world."

Child 44 is out on 17 April; Mad Max: Fury Road is out on 15 May



REFEREES
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

"Getting to a high level as a footballer wasn't going to be a possibility. [But] here was a chance to get to a good level a different way." Later, he mentioned an additional motivation: to stand out among officials as a young referee. "They all seemed to be bald, old men," he said, laughing. "Which is what I am now."

Webb is indeed bald, but, at 44, he is not old, and neither does he look it. He is tall and impeccably trim, and he has a deep, baritonal south Yorkshire accent that makes him seem at once approachable and authoritative. When we shook hands on first meeting, he grasped firmly and looked directly into my eyes, as if trying to make an immediate and lasting impression. Habit, perhaps.

While he climbed the rungs of the refereeing ladder, Webb worked as a police officer in Doncaster, and later as a sergeant in Sheffield. (The similarities between the two professions — identifying potential troublemakers, taking appropriate action, diffusing situations with body language and targeted man management — are obvious and not lost on him.) He worked a 40-hour week, leaving space to train and oversee matches during busy weekends. "You needed good time management," he said. "[And] you had to have sympathetic supervisors."

As mentioned previously, there are just 17 professional referees in England today, and some four professional assistants. Until officials reach the Select Group, making a living in the business is tough, so most hold down other jobs. Football league referees are also teachers, salesmen and postal workers. A number of Pettitt's students are pilots: calm heads prepared for difficult situations. Most referees with Premier League-level ambitions hedge their bets; if refereeing doesn't work out, the theory is they'll have a supplementary career to fall back on.

Webb quickly moved his way up the chain within the police force, "but the football would almost come first," he said. "That was the one that was a real passion." It is the same, he thinks, for all referees. "That's what keeps them going," he said. "Otherwise, why put yourself through two careers? It's no different to fans who travel the length and breadth of the country on a Saturday. Because they have a passion for it."

PGMOL was created in 2001 to improve refereeing standards. Some are unsure as to how effective the organisation has been, particularly over the last few months. In early January, Keith Hackett, a former referee and ex-PGMOL chief, publicly criticised on-pitch decisions made during the busy Christmas period, and subsequently called into question the role of the organisation and the ability of its incumbent chief, Mike Riley, another ex-referee. PGMOL reacted by releasing stats — minor percentage improvements in the accuracy of major decisions — meant to provide proof of a development in refereeing quality since Hackett's exit five years ago. They did, but a question lingered: do standards need to improve, and how might that happen?

Howard Webb, who last summer became Technical Director of PGMOL, a multi-disciplinary role that involves coaching high-level referees and liaising with the media about pertinent in-game incidents and issues, considers refereeing in England to be a success story. But he's aware that maintaining quality, and improving it, is an ongoing effort.

"Can we do better?" he asked, before nodding. "We can always strive to develop. The challenge for me is to make sure the next generation are there to replace the ones that are there at the moment. And to make sure that as the game gets faster, and the scrutiny gets even more intense, if that's possible, that they're able to cope at that level."

Near the end of our conversation, Webb told the story of a friend who took the same referee course he had in 1989. As soon as they qualified, the pair began refereeing amateur games. Webb's matches went without major issue, but in his friend's second game, a scuffle arose, and the referee was struck in the face. "He packed it in," Webb said, still disappointed. "That was the end of it. Who knows where that journey would have taken him."

Webb understands his business can be tough. In the early days, he changed behind cars and refereed four games in a weekend; as a pro, he regularly experienced high profile moments of public criticism. But, he said, the rewards associated with refereeing can be huge, and "by and large it's a positive experience". Later, though, he added, "You've got to get through the shit."

When he was ready to leave, I asked Webb, who could still theoretically referee in the Premier League, whether or not he missed being an official.

"I don't wish I was out there," he said. "I miss certain parts of it. I'd be lying if I said I didn't. But I don't wish I was on a game tomorrow, particularly. I look back with fondness at most of what I did. I miss that feeling when it's gone well, that high, because nothing really quite replaces it, the walk out before the game, the buzz."

He stopped and thought for a second. "And then that feeling of satisfaction when you've done a job well."

When I'd met Alex Clubb in the south London pub in December, he had stumbled over the question of whether or not he actually enjoyed refereeing. He could not answer positively. In fact, he could barely answer at all. Whenever I brought the issue up, our conversation would unravel into moments of prolonged silence, leaving me with the impression it was a question with which he'd wrestled previously.

In late January, I asked him the question again, one final time.

"I guess that implies it's fun," he said, "and, as you can imagine, it's not always a stroll in the park."

By then, Clubb had passed the FA course — "it was straightforward enough," he wrote in a text message the next day. "Been revising for the test ever since I started watching football!" — and he had been refereeing games as a fully-fledged official for six weeks. He had continued for the same reasons: the money, the exercise, to be part of the game. That last point — the being involved — is what tied together all of the referees I spoke to, the answer to the question, why? Each official craved a pivotal role in a game for which they share an inordinate passion.

"I do gain satisfaction from being involved," Clubb told me, "and ensuring the game is played in the right way. If there are particularly good players on show, then, of course, there are times it can be a pleasure to watch... As long as it's not pouring down with rain."

When Clubb made his decision on that penalty in the Clapham Common game, he did so swiftly and with extreme confidence. It was not a ruling half of the players on the pitch were happy about, but still, the game went on. As the match ended, and players shook hands, Clubb began walking towards the sidelines, readying himself for the cycle home. In a couple of weeks, he would likely repeat this whole experience again — similar location, similar players, similar decisions — but for now, the game was done. As Clubb reached the edge of the pitch he paused, turned, and looked out. When he moved back towards his bike, he was smiling.

Esquire

DIRECTORY

Navigate the transition from spring to summer with Esquire's shopping list. Replace parkas and overcoats with lighter denim or suede jackets but keep out the chill with cashmere hoodies and sweaters



01



02



04



03

01 | Navy/white checked cotton and tan leather weekend **bag**, £300, by Marks & Spencer
02 | Red cotton crew neck **sweater**, £160, by Jacob Cohën
03 | Pontos S Diver **watch** with brown leather strap, £2,200, by Maurice Lacroix
04 | Brown leather driving **shoes**, £125, by Lacoste
05 | White denim **jeans**, £180, by AG
06 | Beige suede **jacket**, £925, by Jacob Cohën



05



06



01



03



02



04





05

06



07

HEARST STUDIOS | SEE STOCKISTS PAGE FOR DETAILS

↓

01 | Indigo denim **jacket**, £40, by Marks & Spencer
02 | Grey cashmere **hoodie**, £270, by AG
03 | Blue/brown tortoiseshell **sunglasses**, £25, by Marks & Spencer
04 | White/grey striped cotton **T-shirt**, £65, by Aquascutum
05 | Navy canvas/leather **trainers**, £80, by Timberland
06 | Blue cotton **trousers**, £130, by Aquascutum
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STOCKISTS — 05/15



BAT 'N' BALL SAUL: Bob Odenkirk has fun with a passing Sarah Silverman on the set of Esquire's fashion shoot, P154

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